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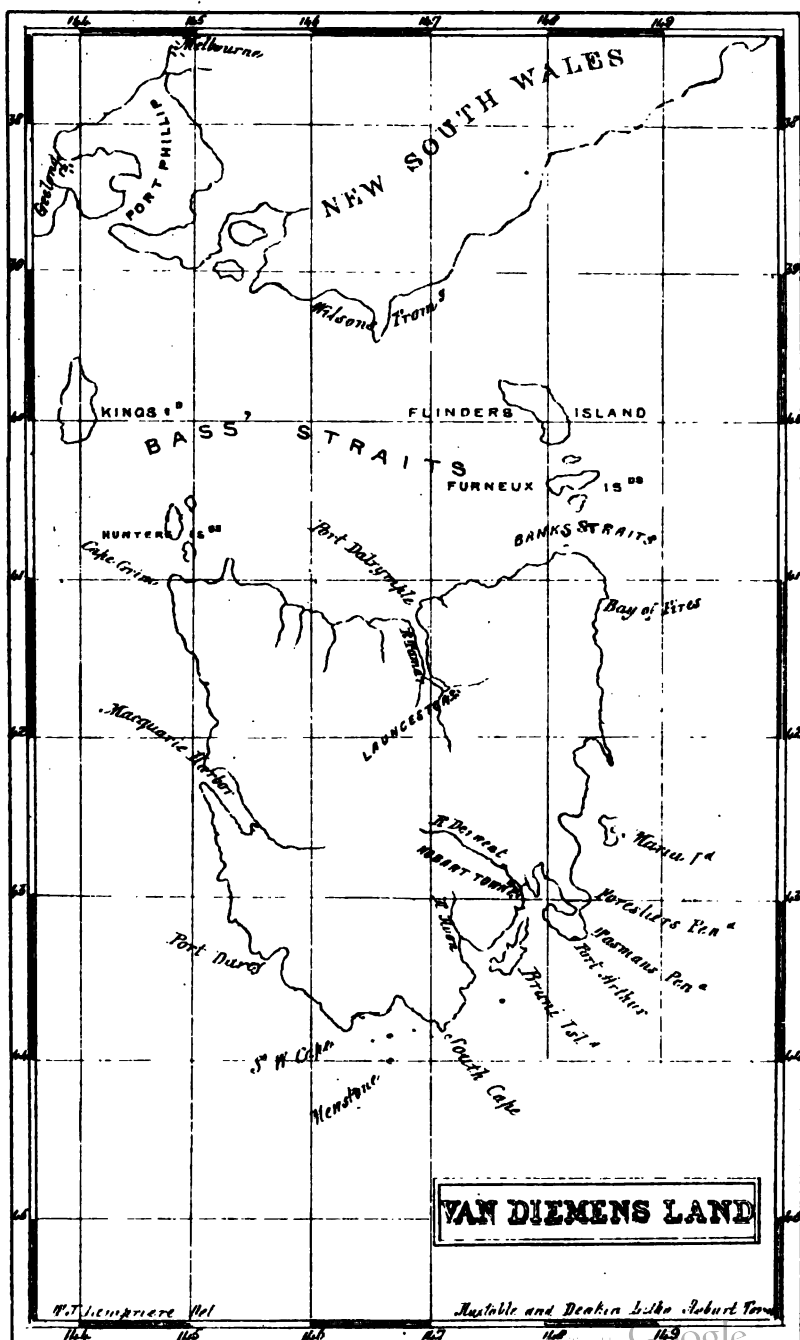
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A  
**YEAR IN TASMANIA:**

INCLUDING

SOME MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN THE CAPITAL;

WITH

**A DESCRIPTIVE TOUR**

THROUGH THE ISLAND,

FROM

MACQUARIE HARBOUR TO CIRCULAR HEAD;

AND A

SHORT NOTICE OF THE COLONY IN 1853.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN THE LEVANT,"

"THE EXPEDITION UP THE AMAZON," &c.

"Comme je trouve."

HOBART TOWN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM FLETCHER,  
ELIZABETH-STREET.

1854.





## PREFACE.

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IN the Mother Country Van Diemen's Land, or, as it is now called, Tasmania, bears a very bad name. Wise and politic is it to change it; for, from being so many years a penal settlement and so great a distance from Britain, it has ever been looked upon by the great majority of the British public as the "Ultima Thule;" chains and crime being the associations its very name calls up in England.

The author of this little work (being but a simple narrative of facts, and of no



pretensions save having truth for its basis) has undertaken the task of laying before a kind and indulgent public the present condition and state of the Island, in the earnest hope that some of those impressions now so much in vogue against Van Diemen's Land may be lessened. Starting with such an object in view, he has deemed it expedient to publish first here, in order to court that criticism which all authors must experience; and that, by this means, being enabled to improve on the work's defects, he may, with better chance of succeeding in his design, publish an improved edition in the city of the world.

HOBART TOWN,  
21st May, 1854.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 32, line 10, for "built" read *laid out*.  
,, 70, line 13, for "fine fur" read *coarse hair*.  
,, 71, line 1, for "Arsinus" read *Ursinus*.  
,, 96, line 4, for "by" read *from*.  
,, 158, line 18, for "time" read *taste*.  
,, 232, line 9, for "even" read *ever*.  
,, 240, line 5, for "Munday" read *Mundy*.  
,, 267. line 10, for "to be favourable" read *to be aught  
but favourable*.  
,, 270, line 4, for "of farms" read *and farm*.  
,, 270, line 6, for "of a river of that name" read *of the  
River Rubicon*.

A

# YEAR IN TASMANIA.

1853-4.

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## CHAPTER I.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows roam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!"

—*The Corsair.*

THERE are few delights so entrancing as the blue outline of land to the sea-tossed landsman ; and after weary months have passed, the sport of every storm, over that long and tedious way from the chalk cliffs of "merry England," to the dark green hills of Tasmania, with what feelings of pleasure you watch the rising mountain tops, as the proud ship still onward flies, and each headland grows more and more distinct as

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you approach the long-looked for shore! The step becomes more buoyant, and you feel as if you could with unwearied step run over that land which now appears like one large field opening to your longing eyes.

There is no land in the world that appears more lovely than this Island,—whether it may be from the length of time visitors have nothing but the wild waste of waters before them, or from the very romantic formation of the high lands above Macquarie Harbour, and the peculiar foliage of the long line of country extending along D'Entrecasteaux Channel and around the entrance to Storm Bay, or from the impressions already formed of those hated words “a penal settlement” (now changed by the lovely aspect), one cannot decide. Such, however, is the case: and it invariably happens that the stranger is at once

captivated by the first glance of this—in very truth—most beautiful island.

Macquarie Harbour, which is generally the first point the outward bound makes, had been for many years a settlement; but from the land in its immediate vicinity being heavily timbered and of no value, it has gradually dwindled away, and is now no more inhabited, save by a few hardy sawyers, who face the dangers of the bush life, and earn no trifling amount by the splitting of the timber which the tough-built coaster occasionally comes for, with much risk and danger; the swell on this side of the island, even in calm weather, being tremendous. The harbour itself is, however, safe and commodious, and of great extent, being, in fact, a land-locked arm of the sea.

The heads of Macquarie Harbour are in latitude 42°14 S. and longitude 145°10 E.



From the heads an estuary extends for a distance of about six and twenty miles in a south-easterly direction. It is here terminated by the Gordon River meeting it, although it branches off to the southward into Birch's Inlet, and to the northward into Kelly's Basin. On the south head from the entrance was a signal station (now dismantled), and also a pilot station. The settlement was formed on a small island twenty-five miles from the "Gates," or entrance, and continued in being, as the double or most severe convict station, from the 2nd January, 1822, (the day the first party landed under Lieut. Cuthbertson, of the 48th Regiment), until November, 1833, when it was partly abandoned, and finally ceased to be a settlement on the 11th January, 1834.\*

\* Were it not the object of this work to speak only of the present, there are several interesting anecdotes relative to this settlement still unpublished, and which the author discovered amongst a file of papers placed in his possession,

Although the high range of hills behind Macquarie Harbour are often the first land made by the outward bound, still it is by no means a favourite course, as the better one is far more to the southward, making your first land South Cape or Tasman's Head, by which you have a clear run into Storm Bay, and avoid the baffling winds prevalent along the western shore. The most common object, however, to glad the longing gaze of the mariner is Pedro Blanco, a rock some twenty miles to sea southward of South Cape, which has the exact resemblance of a ship: indeed, so perfect is the illusion that it is quite impossible to decide whether it be really a ship or a rock, till you are close to it; for, if you make it early in the day, the sunbeams on the white rock make

and intended for the press, by the late lamented Assistant Commissary-General Lempriere. However, as from those papers he intends to lay before the public a work of much interest at some early date, he must now hurry on to the subject matter in hand.

it appear like a vessel shifting sail. Above this, nearer in shore to the westward, are several dangerous rocks and some shoal water, so that in all cases the more offing to the southward you have the better.

After rounding the South Cape, you open the very magnificent estuary of D'Entrecasteaux Channel, and scenery unequalled in the world is spread before your gaze: for, extending far away from you, this arm of the sea runs into the defiles; a beautifully undulating land stretches far away to the westward; and, in the background, Mount Wellington rises majestic over all, with its snow-capped peak. Again, to the eastward, is the thickly covered, beautifully green island of Bruni, and the entrance round its point to Storm Bay, which your barque is hastening to with a fresh and favourable breeze; for during nine months out of the twelve, fair breezes blow for the stranger coming to these shores.

There are numerous fine harbours in D'Entrecasteaux Channel, and good anchorage all round. A very good lighthouse, on the eastern cape of the inlet called Bruni Head, may be seen at a great distance, and is a sure mark by which the Acteon Reef may be avoided.

In the channel the soundings are regular, and the shores bold; and there are three harbours, often used for refitting, watering, &c., —Recherche, Muscle, and Esperance Bays. The shores of the inlet are extremely beautiful; and the luxuriance of the vegetation, the dingy green colour of which so much surprises the stranger, you soon get accustomed to, so as to forget the rich and varied verdure of our own forests. The general outline is most picturesque; and the first impression on seeing this lovely land stretching out before you is, pity that thousands in

England, who have hardly sufficient to subsist upon from day to day, have not come to a land where their labour would soon raise them to independence and comfort—to a land whose scenery and climate are equal to, if not surpassing, the most healthy and admired parts of Great Britain.

The scenery of the Huon is still of a richer character. Its banks are clothed with the loftiest and most valuable timber of the colony: some of the trees measure from 180 to 200 feet in height, and 28 to 30 in circumference. It is gratifying, also, to know that the land which bears such splendid timber has equally rich and productive soil, which fully repays the settler by the abundance it yields to the farmer under moderately good management, fully repaying him for the great labour required in clearing the land at the outset.

Rounding the Friars, you enter Storm Bay, so called from its exposure to the stormy gales of the wide ocean to the south,—and yet by no means dangerous, as you soon make the Iron Pot light, and, rounding the point of the island, you pass the lower entrance of D'Entrecasteaux Channel, and sail up the romantic and splendid river Derwent. The distance to Hobart Town is twelve miles ; and to the bay over which the city hangs, the Derwent can scarcely be called a river, but rather a succession of deep indented bays, until you round Sandy Point, when a view unequalled in the world presents itself:—but this demands a chapter to itself.

## CHAPTER II.

**"Time has but touch'd, not seal'd in gloom,  
The turrets of almighty Rome :  
The same deep stream which tossed of yore  
The infants in their ark ashore,  
Whose power, since defiled, has piled,  
This seven-hill'd city in the wild."**

•   •   •   •

*—Rogers.*

THOUGH we should not wish to prognosticate a similar fate to the seven-hilled city of Hobart Town, either in reference to its grandeur or its fall, and though the comparison ceases with its seven hills, yet there are few cities in the world seen to greater advantage, or that look more imposing, than the capital of Tasmania. Beholding it, therefore, from the barque, which has been your home for weary months, at early morning, as the autumn sun gilds the mountain top of that most peculiarly cut

hill over Richmond, and which seems as if cut perpendicularly from its summit, with the shadow still thrown over the tranquil waters at its base, and a deep belt of cloud gradually rising over the city, and wending its way over the still more lofty peak of Mount Wellington, as if driven from its rest along the sides by the morning beams, —thus, as the rosy tints shed their effulgence on the scene, the stranger is entranced with the view, and pronounces the panorama perfect.

For a city of but fifty years' growth none ever equalled Hobart Town in beauty, as it is first seen. Yet, on a nearer inspection, it has many defects; and the very irregularity of its streets, which seem to the stranger to add to its beauty, are sad drawbacks to the advantage of trade, to the cleanliness of its streets, or the general comfort of the inhabitants: for though we



must in truth own, that as to general appearance and situation Hobart Town stands pre-eminent in beauty as a city, yet when the stranger enters its streets he is sadly disappointed, and cannot fail to remark the lack of order and cleanliness everywhere so apparent. When, therefore, one considers the means which during fifty years was in the hands of the rulers of Tasmania, and the immense amount of convict labour ever at their disposal, it seems a matter of great surprise that to this hour the sideways remain unflagged,—that there is no sewerage of the town,—and that an open creek, still in its original state, is allowed to remain as a receptacle for every nuisance, and, from the imperfect bridges over it, likely every season, after heavy rains, to threaten the city with an inundation most destructive to life and property. These evils, we trust, will soon vanish: and when we look at the large amount of capital in the city,

and the daily increasing importance and general wealth of the community, ere a few months glide over us, the interior of the city will equal the extreme beauty of the bird's eye view.

Although it appears to us, that however true a description may be, and however clothed in sublimity of style or language, it must fall short of reality, and never be able to convey to the mind the exact ideas the author endeavours to instil—having before him the clear memory of what his eyes so oft looked upon,—still we proceed in our description. From whatever point you view Hobart Town it looks well:—situated, as before stated, on seven hills, within an amphitheatre, as it were, with a higher range rising above it; and on its north-west point the lofty cone of Mount Wellington rising four thousand feet above it, with the Derwent water on one side

gliding away round the public plaisance called the Domain, and then stretching away before it, with all its bays, far on to the sea. The view seems complete.

The bay above which the town is built forms a splendid harbour ; and, as there are quays and docks built three parts round it, ships of the largest size can be warped alongside, where commodious cranes and deep wharves afford every facility to lading and unlading merchandize. At the southern end is the signal staff, on a gentle eminence, which has communication with another higher up, and this again takes from one on Nelson-hill, which commands the entrance to the town and D'Entrecasteaux Channel. From Mount Nelson, three miles from the city, you have a very fine view of the two channels, the Iron Pot Light-house, Brown's River Stâtion (now in ruins), where formerly a regiment used to be quartered

and a large depôt of convicts. Along the side of the river are several pretty places with well-cultivated fields around ; and, on the distant bank, the same fertile and undulating land appears. As you turn towards the town a beautiful beach stretches out before you, and the suburban villas of Sandy Bay appear nestling under the hill-side amid flowering gardens and rich shrubberies, with a thick-wooded belt of high land behind, extending along and gradually ascending till it forms the side of Mount Wellington.

A very fine road skirting along the bay, sometimes touching the beach, and again crossing over some jutting headland, forms the favourite drive and ride for the idle and gay of the city : it is also the principal, as well as most healthy promenade for the pedestrian. This road branches into two at the foot of a hill, one leading up the hill to the left into Davey and Macquarie-

streets, and the other skirting the Military Barracks, leading to the quays. The pedestrian can still stroll along the beach, and ascending an uncultivated hill, leaving St. George's Church to the left hand, passes the very pretty house and gardens of Mr. Perry, under whose residence are to be seen the dock-yards and ship-building. This part is almost shut out from the other side of the town, from there being no thoroughfare ; yet it boasts of several well-built and comfortable houses with neat gardens and a fine prospect of the sea. From St. George's Church the road leads by Stowell, the residence of the Butler family, a fine house, and well worthy of the *rus in urbe* title, with a splendid garden and green fields around. Then, by the charming residence of Mr. M'Naughten, you ascend the hill to the Barracks, which are commodious and well laid out : they embrace some twenty acres of land enclosed with a timber paling, and

the building runs along the brow of the hill, leaving the eastern point clear, on which is a Signal-staff and a neat column built to commemorate the officers and men who nobly fell in action against the New Zealand insurgents in 1844. Around the Signal-staff and column is a promenade and exercising ground facing the Barrack square, the men's barracks forming the base and the officers' quarters the sides of a parallelogram. Here the Band of the Regiment often play of an afternoon, when the beauty and fashion of the city seldom fail to appear, and in sweet converse beguile the hour away, making the exiled soldier fancy, with but little stretch of the imagination, that he is still in his own dear native land, 'neath British skies and Britain's brightest eyes around him.

From the Signal-staff you have the finest view of Hobart Town; and, as the setting

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sun dips behind the lofty ridge of Mount Wellington, it casts a deeper shade on the range of hills around it, and throws out, in fine relief, the city beneath. The most remarkable feature is the luxuriant gardens and vine-covered trellises which surround each house; which is the universal appendage to all the houses not in the half-dozen streets that form the centre of the town; and, as the eye wanders from one hill to another, it gladly rests on each pretty villa thus beautified by flowering shrubs and fine gardens. Indeed, this attribute is carried even to the centre of the town; and many houses still have rich gardens attached to them, which, however, the increasing value of town land is fast converting into wood and stone.

Government House is situated midway between the Domain and Barracks. It is

a wooden building of no pretensions, but surrounded with a fine shrubbery and good gardens. The Custom House is the finest building in Hobart Town : it faces the bay and shipping, on an esplanade, and is well-situated and imposing, though of plain and simple architecture. It contains the Legislative Assembly Rooms, &c. Above it, on the hill, and to the back of Government House, facing the Gaol, are the Court Houses and the Government Offices, Police Court, &c., which are still unfinished. Opposite to it is the Cathedral Church, which certainly does not look much like a Cathedral building, and ranks little above a country-town church. From hence, by a great mistake in the laying of the town, the streets run at right angles and parallel to each other, which, in consequence of the hills over which they run, makes the road in some places so steep as to cause great drawbacks to the speedy



transit of traffic—a matter of essential service in a trading town: whereas, if they were laid out in terraces and crescents, it would not in any way detract from its beauty, and would be of infinite advantage to trade, as well as equalize the value of position, now so exorbitant in one locality and moderate in another.

Within the past year, the New Market Place has been opened, and with much *éclat*. It is really a very fine building and well-finished, having two large side entrances with elaborately worked iron gates, and a fine internal covered area, lined with side stalls, leaving a large space in the centre for moveable stalls, &c. There is also a centre gate which opens upon a court and jet-d'eau of a pleasing effect as you approach. Its only defect is its situation being rather at the end of the town, near the Domain and facing the Commissariat Offices

and Stores: it is, however, an object of much interest to the townsfolk; and they may be well proud of it, as it stands chief amongst their buildings. Indeed there are, as yet, but few buildings of any note but the Custom-house, the difficulty of procuring labour and the high price of building materials prevents it. Besides, the funds of the town are by no means adequate to support its rising greatness; and the Corporation, being but in its infancy, cannot or dare not advance with the times, fearing bankruptcy, which already threatens it. Unfortunately, this body is crippled in its power as well as its resources; nor can it raise any funds or levy taxes save by the act of the Legislative Council, which, up to the present time, seems to be more anxious to restrict its movements than to give free scope to the views of the more liberal and enlightened portion of the community. These are, however, but evils of a day; and though cabal may for the present

occupy more the attention of the legislators, yet it is to be hoped, that, having amongst them men of talent, wealth, and experience, the public good will in due time overcome intrigue, and many measures savouring of a more liberal policy be adopted, both in reference to the capital and the landed interest of the Colony. And, when we view with dispassionate mind the difficulties that beset this Colony, rising from the thick jungle of crime which has for many years been sent amongst them from the Parent Country, it is a matter of unfeigned surprise and admiration to see how the respectable colonists have struggled on, and how, with all the drawbacks a penal settlement must invariably produce, manfully they have conquered, and how the society of Tasmania can at this hour be held up a bright example of its correctness and purity to the boasted one of "Father Land."

### CHAPTER III.

" Each side the midway path there lay  
Small broken crags of granite gray,  
By time or mountain lightning riven,  
From summits clad in mists of heaven."

—*Giaour.*

SUCH is oft the aspect of the giant hill that o'erlooks the Tasmanian capital; and summer and winter sees it frequently clad with clouds. Sometimes they hang over it, extending along its wooded sides, and anon they majestically sweep o'er its highest top and reveal its summit to your view, four thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Though the labour of ascending this mighty guardian of the city seems almost too difficult to be overcome, still not a season passes that parties do not walk to its summit; and constantly the more gentle

sex, with more spirit than strength, have conquered the difficulties of the way, and reached the table land on the top.

Leaving the city by Macquarie or Davey-street, you pass the west end, where, on either side, are embowered villas of much beauty and gardens ever filled with flowers ; for few cities can boast of finer flower gardens or a longer continuance of their bloom through every season than Hobart Town. As you issue from the head of these streets you skirt along the valley of the Cascades, and pass the Female Penitentiary, worth inspecting, from the extreme regularity and order with which it is kept. Several mills are built over this mountain stream, and a suburban village is growing up along this road.

The last place you meet is the extensive brewery, house, and grounds of

Mr. Degraives, one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the Colony. Thence, you wind up the hill-side, which seems at first sight almost perpendicular. Surmounting the first ascent, you come on a level platform; and again crossing it, ascend another; but a dense wood conceals all around from your view, till after three or four ascents you reach the first spur of the hill called the Springs. The way runs along a cool and gushing streamlet, for some distance, and you are gladly refreshed from its sweet water: this is the stream that supplies the city.

From the table-land here you have a very fine view of the windings of the Derwent into Storm Bay,—D'Entrecasteaux Channel, Brown's River, and the Huon seeming like silver threads amid the dense mass of foliage around. But you are only now half-way, and the ascent higher up is still more laborious; yet the view from this is so very

grand that you gain fresh courage and hurry up the towering hill above you. Some level places afford rest to your weary feet, and, as you approach the top, the air becoming more rarefied and cool, refreshes the panting climber, till at length you throw your exhausted frame on the highest rock, and rejoice that your difficult task is at length completed. The view from here is transcendently beautiful; and though from the extreme height the city seems but an atom, yet the distant sea and all the inlets, now easily scanned, are spread out like a living chart before the eye, imposing and grand to the utmost degree.

On your return from the mountain-top, another excursion awaits you—a stroll to Fern Tree Valley, which the stranger will visit with much pleasure and interest. You reach it by branching off from the main path-way up the Mount. The curious

formation of the fern-tree, its umbrella-like branches, exactly similar to the fern-plant, and its pretty grouping, give a very pleasing effect to the valley, and makes it one of those favourite resorts during the season for pic-nic parties and merry-makings.

On the opposite side of Hobart Town is the Government Domain: there are two entrances to it from the town. A little above the upper entrance, on a rising ground, stands the College or High School, a building of some pretensions to architectural beauty, built in the Gothic style, and well-placed on the hill-side. At the lower entrance are the Royal Engineer's offices and stores; and above them is an open glade of some extent, where the equestrian may breathe the fiery steed, and survey the city spread out before taking in his view a more particular sketch of the bay, and all the shipping at anchor there and in the harbour



along the well-filled quays. Here, also, the Cricket Club have a very fine ground kept in good order for them.

Proceeding onward you pass another dock-yard, where the Government vessels undergo repair, and where the present Governor, with much skill, laid out the plan for a dry dock; but it is to be regretted it has not met with the support which it merited from the Legislature.

A good road leads you past the Governor's farm by a large quarry, where stone is now being hewn for the building of a Government House, on a gentle eminence to the right of the road—a spot well chosen, as commanding a charming prospect of the city, the bay, and the windings of the Derwent. The foundations are now in progress; and, ere long, it is to be hoped a creditable mansion will be erected for the

representative of Her Majesty, which the present timber edifice certainly is not.

Some years ago, in this locality, an Observatory\* at no trifling expense was built, but is now allowed to remain *in statu quo*. A pretty cottage and garden are still kept in good order, and occupied by the officer of engineers, making the old saying true—“The ordnance seldom forget themselves.”

\* Sir James Ross thus speaks of its erection :—“Anxious to get the permanent Observatory at work as soon as possible, I was rejoiced to learn from the Lieutenant Governor, Sir John Franklin, that the materials of which it was to be constructed had been prepared several months, according to a plan sent from England, and ready to be put together as soon as a site should be determined on. I therefore accompanied Sir John Franklin the next morning to examine several places which he thought likely ; and having selected that which appeared to me the most unexceptionable for the purpose, a party of two hundred convicts were the same afternoon set to work to dig the foundation, prepare the blocks of free-stone which were to form its base, and the solid pillars of the same material, which were to be the supports for the instruments, and to bring prepared timber from the Government store.”

Beyond this pretty cottage you descend to the Botanical Gardens, which stretch along the hill-side down to the winding river. They are very tastefully laid out and kept in the highest order by the very skilful and talented horticulturist, the Superintendent, Mr. Newman, who, with little means allowed him but indefatigable zeal and ability, keeps the gardens in beautiful order, making them one of the greatest treats the city affords, as a charming lounge and lovely retreat. During the summer months the Band of the Regiment stationed in the city play there once every week, giving another opportunity for the brilliant, gay, and fair, amidst flowers no less fair than themselves, to beguile a quiet hour away.

Beyond the gardens to the right is the garden of Government House, always kept in the highest state of cultivation. Leaving the garden, a winding road conducts you

round the Domain till you reach the third entrance. Some hundred yards ere you do so, however, you must pause and admire one of the prettiest landscapes in the world as you emerge from the forest with which the Domain is thickly covered. The eye is enchanted with the scene bursting before you. Far away on the right, the lovely Derwent winds along, now forming a wide bay, now hid by some forest headland, again stretching far away into some distant hill it seems lost to the view, and yet again it appears winding in its meanderings far away.

Far beyond, stretched out before you, is the beautiful valley of New Town, thickly covered with pretty cottages, gardens, and grounds; whilst the foreground is charmingly relieved by the very handsome mansion of Mr. Chapman, the member for the city. The grounds are neatly laid out and kept in good order. The house itself is

of simple architecture, but elegant. The author can state that the interior can vie with many a more noble house in the Parent Country; and it is but a just tribute to the worthy proprietor and his lady to say that none ever could excel in the courtesy and hospitality ever to be met with within those walls.

Below this residence is Bishopstowe, a very handsome place, built under the immediate eye of the present Bishop of Tasmania, a gentleman of the highest acquirements, and well fitted for the lofty post he adorns.

From hence we retrace our steps over the New Town Hill, by the fine mansion of the enterprising coach proprietor, Mr. J. Lord; and leaving to the right the pretty residence of Mr. Swan, we again enter the city by its principal outlet and the high road to Launceston. On a hill to the left is Trinity church;

and below it, further to the left, is the Penitentiary, which is well worth a visit from the stranger.

A very fine mansion, with beautifully kept grounds, strikes your attention as you turn towards the wooded hill of the demesne before you, the seat of the Comptroller-General; and then passing the Colonial Hospital, a large and imposing building, we once more enter the city, which now seems to be, as it were, rebuilding; for, not long since, a most destructive fire burnt down a great portion of one of the principal streets; and, a few weeks after, an inundation swept all before it, and levelled two of the principal bridges. From these two unforeseen calamities it is now rapidly rising; and though labour is most difficult to obtain, yet it is surprising how quickly matters are progressing, we trust with better fortune for the future.

We would it were in our power now, having taken the stranger so long a tangle, to conduct his weary steps to some hotel corresponding to the city, or where we might be able to delay a little in description. But, alas! Hobart Town boasts of nothing of this kind ; so we must only conduct him to the boarding-house of Broadland ; and though we cannot promise him all the luxuries of the season, or the attendance of "Vèrry," yet we can assure him of cleanliness and comfort, trusting that soon this want will also be rectified, and another "Astor House" arise in this city to bury in oblivion the inns not worthy of notice.

## CHAPTER IV.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor  
Convey'd me from this idle shore ;  
I long'd to see the Isles that gem  
Old Ocean's purple diadem :  
I sought by turns, and saw them all."

—*Bride of Abydos.*

ONCE a week the Government steamer leaves the Commissariat wharf for the stations on the Peninsula. Leaving the Market House on your left and the Commissariat offices, you pass the stores of that department ; and, passing along a small but very commodious dock, where the busy toil of the shipping with which it is always filled gives you a favourable idea of the advance of trade, you reach the wharf side, along which the little steamer is easing off steam



ready for her cruise. Prompt to the hour of half-past seven, the brave commander takes his station on the paddle-wheel. The hawser is slacked off, the word given, and through the crowd of shipping at anchor the Derwent holds on her way slow, but we regret to say, not always sure; for, an occasional bursting of a boiler, or a breakdown in the machinery, are matters of such frequent occurrence, that (truth compels us to say) though never was a vessel better or more ably commanded, there seldom ever was one worse kept in order—that is, so far as machinery goes. However, the kind urbanity of the jovial skipper and the splendid scenery around you, as you move over the tranquil water, are in themselves of so much interest and value, that the stranger can risk the chance of a stop on the way, and gladly avail himself of a free passage always granted for visiting the Peninsula and the Neck.

After you pass the lighthouse, you steer to the left. Passing the base of Storm Bay, you have an extensive estuary—in fact, an inland sea of some thirty miles in length by ten to twelve broad ; though, from the numerous jutting headlands and deep bays, as well as several islands, it is not an open expanse of waters. Few scenes are more magnificent than those opening each moment to your view, coasting along Frederick-Henry Bay ; and the stranger immediately exclaims, “What a paradise this might be, were all those romantic looking hills and undulating lands inhabited !” But, alas ! save at the stations, built alone for the punishment of crime, no human dwelling meets the eye ; and, while thousands crowd our overgrown cities in the Old World, and street upon street is filled with the abodes of poverty and destitution, sweeter land than ever the sun shone upon now lies a neglected waste, or the abode of the chain-gang,

expelled from the dregs of that very community which might be all more happy here and in comfort. And still these are necessary evils; for who can order the unruly wills of sinful men? The poor will never cease from the land, and crime and evil deeds must be punished. Yet there is no place where such feelings are brought nearer to your mind than sailing along this very beautiful sea, for no place seems more adapted for the formation of thriving colonies.

The Peninsula is, however, peculiarly well adapted for the use now made of it; and though we may hope and look forward to its being, on some future day, a settlement of no mean degree, yet we cannot but admire the perfect state the establishment is kept in, as a convict depôt and prison-house. On entering the bay, you pass a small island (Betsy's Island), where the

sportsman finds abundance of the silver-haired rabbit and quail: the former were placed there originally by Lady Franklin. It is uninhabited and uncultivated.

The next, Slopén Island, is larger, and is rented by one of the magistrates of the Peninsula for a nominal sum: it has one farm house on it and a good farm. This farm was originally a penal settlement; but the great want of water, which could never be kept good in tanks, made Government abandon it. Along the opposite side extends Seven Mile Beach, a very beautiful sandy shore, running along for seven miles without a check. The first station you come to is called the "Mines," where a coal mine exists and is worked with considerable profit and advantage; but as the aspect of the shore is uninviting, few strangers visit it. The land in this neighbourhood was formerly granted to Joseph Tice Gellibrand,

Esq., the Attorney-General of the Colony. When Tasman's Peninsula was fixed upon for a penal settlement, Mr. Gellibrand was induced to exchange his claims on the Peninsula for a compensation from Government.

The soil around the coal-mines is sandy and unfit for cultivation. There is a long jetty running out to sea, on which is a tram-road for bringing down the coal, the water being very shallow in shore. There are some very comfortable houses here for the resident Magistrate, Superintendent, Overseer, &c., a chapel and school-house; and to the visitor it appears like a small village in the coal districts of England. The coal is of an inferior kind, and, when ignited, cracks and sends out small particles rather injurious to carpets, dresses, &c.; a wire guard is therefore generally required over the grate.

Near the magistrate's house on Mount Lepus is a miniature semaphore, which communicates with Mount Stuart. This point forms the post of communication between the Coal Mines and Port Arthur through Mount Communication, or with Eagle Hawk Neck through the Half-way Bluff and Woody Island.

The system was instituted by Captain Booth, who was Commandant of the Peninsula many years, and is of great use in case of convicts escaping, stores required, &c. The semaphore has not been so much used of late years, though Mr. Boyd, the present Commandant, is about restoring it to its pristine state of action.

The Derwent steamer does not often call at this jetty, but proceeds a mile and half further on, to the jetty of Salt Water River Station, which, although so near, shows a

considerable contrast in its beautifully cultivated fields and rich pasture land, this being the farm of the Peninsula. The cottages of the superintendents are neat and comfortable, with pretty gardens. There is a large store belonging to the Commissariat Depôt; and, although the place is but a prison after all, it has every appearance of a very comfortable village. The Doctor's house is on the side of a hill—a neat cottage with verandah and good garden around it. The farm consists of about three hundred acres under cultivation, and is kept in very good order, producing very fine crops, &c. There is not good water at this station: it is often procured from the Mines, where it is excellent.

Leaving this, you touch at Impression Bay, the invalid station, where is a very good hospital and some fine gardens. The scenery here is of a different descrip-

tion, the country around being densely wooded. The view of the bay from this is very imposing. Away to the north, you see East Bay Neck, which divides Forrestier's Peninsula from the main land. Out to sea, in clear weather, you can see Maria Island, of which we will speak hereafter.

From Salt Water River you can proceed on foot and be in time for the steamer at the Cascades, passing Impression Bay *en route*. Sometimes you can borrow a horse, as the magistrates, superintendents, and other gentlemen over the stations are exceedingly obliging, and always anxious to show every attention to the tourist. The whole distance is eight miles, and rather a smart walk, but repays you by the fine scenery the labour of surmounting the different ascents of the road. There is also a large sheep station some five miles distant in the other direction,



but scarcely worth visiting : it is fenced in, and extends over forty miles of ground. The wool is sent to the different factories for carding, &c.

Leaving Salt Water River, as a pedestrian, you pass over a causeway worth seeing, erected during the time Mr. Pringle was superintendent, partly over the bay, and is five hundred yards in length. The land is very undulating and some parts very steep till you come over Impression Bay station, under the management of a Captain in the Navy, who certainly keeps every thing in a high state of order and regularity. There are many useful matters manufactured here, such as hand-carts, wheelbarrows, &c. &c. The water is not very good, though a great deal of pains has been taken to bring it from a distance. There is a clergyman and doctor also stationed here.

Passing along the beach for half-a-mile, you strike into the woods again for about two miles and a half, which brings you to the Cascade Station, the prettiest on the Peninsula, and under the superintendence of Mr. Ballantine, whose kindness and urbanity the stranger is ever charmed with: the station is in first-rate order.

Behind the buildings is another Fern-tree Valley and a very pretty cascade: a beautiful stream of good water running from it supplies the station. The principal occupation here is felling timber for shipping purposes, &c., as it is here of the best quality on the Peninsula. There is a tram-road which brings it down to the water's edge, where is a store-house and a good jetty for shipment. The residence of the superintendent is very prettily situated in the midst of most tastefully laid out grounds, with very

fine gardens, and on a gentle rise of the hill, which commands a good view of the surrounding scenery.

## CHAPTER V.

“Yet strange to tell!  
In quiet we had learned to dwell :  
My very chains and I grew friends,—  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are ;——”  
—*Prisoner of Chillon.*

TASMAN'S Peninsula, the present head quarters of the convicts, is the south-eastern extremity of Van Diemen's Land, and contains about 300,000 acres. The face of the country is hilly and covered with timber, presenting few open spots for tillage, though there are several localities where the soil is rich and good. It remained unnoticed for many years, and was at last selected as a good place to confine the Aborigines, who were doing much mischief. Measures were taken in 1830 to drive them by a grand “Battue” through Forrestier's Peninsula.

The expedition, however, failed: other plans were adopted, and they were at last all got together in Flinders' Island, where they gradually became extinct.

Port Arthur was next selected as a sawing establishment, to supply the Engineering Department with timber: however, the advantages the place afforded for the formation of a penal settlement becoming more apparent, the convicts were removed to it from Macquarie Harbour and Maria Island. It remained strictly a double convict station: no communication being allowed, except through the Government, until 1841, when the agricultural farm was established at Salt Water River; and soon after the probation system came in vogue, and the other stations were established.

The steamer on leaving the Cascades, rounds a point opening the entrance to

Norfolk Bay, called by the Captain's kind and most hospitable lady Expectation Point. Passing Woody Island, once covered with very fine timber, now nearly bare, you steam to the halting-place of the Derwent. A long jetty forms the landing-place, and the only object of interest is the very pretty cottage of the Captain, always well stocked with flowers, fruit, and vegetables. Here, a most hearty welcome awaits the stranger if he is disposed to stop, and few can vie with the lady of the cottage in urbanity and attention to a guest.

Norfolk Bay extends some twelve miles across, forming on one side a long low swamp to the right of the jetty, and on the other side a long narrow reach of five miles in extent, running up to Eagle Hawk Neck, and having Woody Island at its entrance. From Norfolk Bay to Long Bay, five miles across a neck of land, is a tram-road of a very

primitive construction, first built by Captain Booth, the sleepers being the rough timber as felled, and the rail of narrow timber planks imbedded with clay. The rail carriages, if so they can be called, are also of a very rude construction, very low, double seated, with four very small cast iron wheels, the same as used in quarries, &c., in England. On either side project two long handles, which the prisoners leaning on, propel the carriage. The road being not exactly level, but containing many inclines and ascents, forms a very amusing transit to the stranger; for as you rise the incline, the prisoners puff and blow, pushing on the carriage, but when descending, up they jump alongside of you, and away you go, dashing, crashing, tearing on. Half-way there is a rest station, where you sometimes get a relief, as you have a considerable ascent for near a mile and then a like descent down to the jetty, which is really quite a

nervous affair ; and, as the speed increases as you move along, each moment you expect to be dashed over into some precipice or deep jungle alongside of the tram. An upset sometimes does happen, but is seldom attended with any serious consequences. There is always a director with the train, who can check the wheels with a drag as he pleases.

At Long Bay a low jetty runs out into the bay, and the Port Arthur boats await you to row you to the station, three miles round Garden Point, by Steward's Bay and Sloping Point into the harbour, passing the dock-yards on the right as you go up to the landing. As you open the entrance round Garden Point, you pass Dead Island, the cemetery of the station ; and Opossum Bay extends along before you, terminating in a long sand beach to the left of the settlement, the landing being on an arm of the



bay to the right. The first appearance of Port Arthur is exceedingly pretty. The first object that meets the eye is the house and grounds of the Commandant, (under the active care of Mr. Boyd, who now fills that post), in very beautiful order, the house having undergone a complete repair, and the grounds and gardens, which were suffered to fall into partial decay from neglect, now appearing perfect.

The house of the officer commanding the troops next greets the eye. It is a pretty cottage with a long line of steps leading to it; but its best feature is the extreme kindness and profuse hospitality that greets the stranger within its walls from its worthy master and most amiable lady.

The next building is in a very quaint style of architecture intended for the primæval ages, with fronting towers and battlements,

and is no less than a Barrack. A fine building rises behind it, the Lunatic Asylum, and a large hospital, besides a barrack not occupied. A neat street leads you to the prisoners' quarters, built of timber, and in rather a shaky state.

Next to these, you pass the Court House, where the Commandant administers justice, assisted by the Officer of the Troops, who is also a paid magistrate. To the right, by the water's edge, is a very fine store belonging to the Commissariat Department, but now undergoing the change to a prisoners' barracks — not before it was required. This, at the present time, gives the place rather an untidy appearance, which a few months under the able administration of Mr. Boyd will soon alter.

You next pass the work-shops, cook-house, lavatory, &c.; and passing out of a gate,

where is a guard and a semaphore, you enter a shady grove along some lovely gardens. The change is so great from the yellow dress, the clank of chains, and formidable guard with gates and bars, that you can at first scarcely believe your eyes. Before you stretches a short road with beautiful over-hanging English lime trees; and as you proceed, you fancy you are about to enter the choice retreat of some London banker. A lovely shrubbery bursts on your view, a pretty iron gate invites you to enter; and before you, peeping through a long vista of English and native trees, appears the neatest church in the Colony, of correct architecture, built of the brown granite. To the left, two or three pretty cottages appear with trellised fronts; and as you proceed and turn through a sweet embowering arch of the multiflora rose in all its bloom, a beautiful cottage *ornée* opens to your view.

This is the residence for the Comptroller-General when he visits the station, and is built in very good style and keeping. Here you can wander along walks of the rarest shrubs and flowers of our sweet land. Anon you are lost beneath the shady foliage of the weeping willow, known as Buonaparte's, and under the largest tree of which is a very neat summer-house, where you could fancy yourself young again, and sing the songs of childhood's gayest hours. A sweet little stream runs through the garden, and with very many trees of dear Old England around you, it is easy to forget, wandering through this beautiful garden, that seven hundred fellow-creatures are in chains so near you, losing their home and liberty from crime.

Passing the church, which is partly overgrown with ivy, giving it a charming appearance, you leave the parson's house

on the right, and issue from the gardens by the upper gate, which conducts you to fruit and vegetable gardens of the Government, kept also in the best of order. To the right are three comfortable cottages with grounds and gardens for the Doctor, the Roman Catholic clergyman, and the superintendent (now removed to Salt Water River).

. Proceeding along a good road, you have a fine view of the entire settlement, and a rich glade presents itself to you of well tilled land, stretching up the hill; also numerous gardens. On a gentle ascent you come to the Penitentiary, built for the silent system, and truly it is a punishment of the severest order. It is built in a circle within a circle; the inner circle forming the guard and point of direction, from which it branches into angles and corridors, along which are the cells. Between each line of

cells is an iron gate, with two or three yards, forming radii to the centre: all the floors are heavily matted. A bell is gently touched, a cell is quietly opened, and a prisoner appears with a cloth mask over his face. Two small eyelet holes serve to shew him a guard pointing to one of the yards: this he enters, and faces a black mark on the wall. The doors are shut and a bell is touched; the mask is turned up over his head, and he walks up and down for one hour, when he returns in the same manner to his cell, which has a trap-door on which his meals are issued to him. A chapel is in one angle, and the seats are so contrived that each prisoner can see the clergyman, but no one else. Under the pulpit is an indicator to tell each prisoner when he can leave.

Above the Penitentiary is the cottage cell of Smith O'Brien; leaving which, you pass

over the hill-side round Opossum Bay, skirting which, you ramble on about a mile to Point Puer, now in ruins. Formerly it was the grand depôt for the boys, but the building is now a heap of rubbish.

Passing round this point, you have a fine view of the open sea; and under you are some very fine specimens of the basaltic rock, and several caves. Cape Raoul, with its high columns of the same rock, occupies the southernmost point, and is situated about nine miles from Cape Pillar, between which is the entrance to Port Arthur, called Maingon Bay. The exterior coast of the Peninsula is lined with high perpendicular rocks, occasionally interrupted with small sandy beaches. On the west side is Wedge Bay and Fortescue Bay. On the east from Maingon a current sets inward, which makes it very unsafe to anchor: however, the entrance to Port Arthur is perfectly safe,

and forms a sufficient rendezvous for a fleet.

Although a visit to the Prisoners' Barracks is not one of much interest; yet, the stranger could not well leave Port Arthur without such a visit: for, as the principal feature of the place is gang after gang of the chained convicts, you would naturally like to see where and how they are located. The system is perfect and kept in admirable order, and it is surprising to see the regularity of every branch, and how all works together so well.

Going over the building, the only thing that strikes you as extraordinary is the dormitory, built after ship-board fashion, with tier upon tier of berths, but all in perfect order, comfort, and cleanliness. There is also a separate apartment for every trade and calling, and every one is compelled to work so as



to turn his labour to the best profit. And yet, with all this, the expense of the convict establishment in Van Diemen's Land exceeds this year two hundred thousand pounds.

If the stranger be a disciple of Lavater and a physiognomist, there is no place where he would be more struck than by visiting the church during divine service. The interior seems like a large amphitheatre with all the grades of crime in the world congregated around you,—to the philanthropist a most melancholy sight; and one cannot help considering that all those, the very dregs of society, the offscouring of the earth, were born in a land where truth prevails; and how, perchance, many of them were educated with care and diligence, now driven by crime to eke out their miserable existence in chains and slavery.

## CHAPTER VI.

"The valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind;  
Yet I trembled and something hung o'er me  
That saddened the joy of my mind."

—*Moore.*

AND thus it is ever with the stranger leaving Port Arthur; for it is, in very truth, a smiling valley: and well may we say with another bard,—

"All save the spirit of man is divine."

As the equestrian gains the hill above the settlement and takes a last look over the tranquil bay, and the clang of the chain is no longer heard, the beautiful little church peeps from amid the foliage, with a lovely shrubbery surrounding it. The villas seem as gems in the view with their rich gardens and verdant

fields. The sad scene and remembrance of the prison-house is forgotten, and the hope rises that ere long this sweet spot may be in all respects what it now seems to be—the happy abode of the thriving and industrious settler. But a yellow-jacketed gang is even now appearing from yonder quarry : so we must turn our horses' heads and resume our way over the hills to the Neck.

The track is a very good one and leads through the woods, so that little of the country is seen till you open Norfolk Bay. Here, as before stated, is a police station, and the commander of the steamer's residence, at which, having rested awhile, a *deoch in dorrish*, with a *cead mille failte* given, you proceed along a narrow path skirting the sea to Eagle Hawk Neck. You pass three constable stations on the way, as the bay is not very wide and has been attempted to be crossed by the daring absconder ;

though, generally speaking, owing to the extreme vigilance of the police, without success.

The distance from Port Arthur to the Neck is ten miles ; but as the path-way (for you cannot call it a road) is of hard marly clay, you can canter nearly all the way. As you turn and round the point where the bay runs up towards the Neck, the sea opens to your view, over a small low bar of sand, two hundred feet long by sixty wide, and this is the Neck. As you approach the sea, you are surprised to see two or three stages built out in the water ; and on each of these a ferocious dog is chained.

You now come on a level sandy beach and have just spurred on your steed, when, suddenly, as you open the Neck, your ears are assailed by the fierce barking of twelve or fourteen huge dogs chained across the

Bar, and presenting a most terrific barrier to further advance. Each dog is of a different breed, but all ferocious looking customers, so ranged as to complete the cordon across the Neck, with barrels inverted for their kennels, and lamps on posts fixed in the sand in front of their line. Two sentries are posted in front of this formidable array and two more in the rear, so that to escape here is impossible; and still it has oft been attempted.

Once, four absconders faced the rolling surf, (three English, one a negro;) the white swimmers were seized by a no less formidable guardian of the waters—the rapacious shark. The darkey got safe to land, but was taken by the outlying piquet.

The Guard House is situated in front of the canine phalanx, who are treated somewhat like the soldier, receiving their regular

rations of one pound of bread and one pound of meat each day.

On the rise of the hill, some five hundred yards from the Neck, are the Barracks for about thirty men ; and to the right of it is the officers' quarters, with a neat garden round it. Lately this cottage has been considerably added to, as the Governor and family spent the summer there for the benefit of sea-bathing, the officer moving to Port Arthur during His Excellency's visit. There are several patches of tilled land around, which the industrious soldier is allowed to labour at for his own benefit, and which repays the labour well. A pathway conducts you through a few yards of scrub to the beach.

On the left is a very extraordinary natural curiosity — a long line of tessellated pavement, cut in exact squares and

parallelograms, as if the plummet and line directed their formation. It is of considerable extent, and could the Corporation of the good city of Hobart Town but remove it to their streets, there is abundance to flag it twice over. On the right extends for three miles a very beautiful sandy beach of semicircular form, called Pirate's Cove. Proceeding along this, you pass the before described Cerberus guard; and leaving the sands, scramble over rocks to sands again. Then, entering a few yards of jungle, you arrive at the Blow Hole, the deep sound of the waves warning you of its vicinity. It is a perfect tunnel, opening inland some hundred and twenty yards; and as the rolling swell of the ocean rushes through this chasm, the sound is like the booming of distant ordnance. On the sea side it appears only as a deep cave; the rocks around its mouth are deep and precipitous.

Retracing your steps to the beach, you turn back to a pathway leading through a thick scrub, which with difficulty you scramble through, for nearly a mile. Issuing from it, with the thick forest still around you, suddenly you almost stumble into a chasm, which in no small degree startles the stranger. Pushing your way through the brushwood, through this opening you see the sea as through a telescope spread out to your view, a most majestic arch of about two hundred feet in height and width before you. The chasm is about forty feet by two hundred, and is one of the rarest freaks of nature ever met with; for, as it is inland some fifty to one hundred paces, and the sea not being visible, with the thick forest around, coming suddenly on it, you can scarcely credit your senses. And then, hearing the rolling wave coming thundering in this mighty causeway, sending its spray almost to the top, has a very splendid effect



indeed. This spot is a favourite localè for pic-nic parties; and certainly, after the weary walk and struggle through the bush, the creature comforts of life are not despicable, impressed though one may be by the sublime and beautiful, beholding the wondrous works of nature and her fantasies.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Eagle Hawk Neck cannot fail to arrest the attention of the stranger. The beautiful semicircular line of beach extending some four or five miles in Pirate's Bay presents a most pleasing effect, being flanked with precipitous rocks whose summits are covered with beautiful trees and shrubs. These rocks are principally "greywacke," and afford to the naturalist much interest, as they contain several specimens of fossil remains and imbedded quartz. Within the point of rock on the south side is the only safe anchorage, as there is generally a heavy

rolling surf along the shore, and shoal water around. There are some good fish here, both in the bay opening to the sea and the inner one leading from Frederick Henry Bay.

A remarkable bird of the puffin tribe, called the mutton bird, frequents this coast. At one season of the year they come in innumerable flocks, so as to darken the horizon, and cover the sea when they alight for miles. They burrow in holes on the islands round the coast, forming their nests underground. The body, when skinned and salted, is used by sealers and whalers. Their feathers are also much used for beds, but they never lose a strong heavy smell.

There are also some animals on the two peninsulas which afford some pastime to the indefatigable hunter or trappist. First comes the kangaroo, of which so much has

been written, that it would be needless to speak of it. No animal can be more easily tamed ; it has been known, when tamed, to follow with hounds after its own species: and it is worthy of remark, that be the hounds ever so eager in the chase, they never molest the tame kangaroo hopping along with them.

The large hyæna opossum is sometimes caught here : its colour is a dark yellow with transverse black stripes. The wombat is very common : it is a curious animal, has very fine fur, and is easily tamed. The wallaby is of the same kind, and seems to be of the same habits, as the kangaroo, though it is of a much smaller description. It hops on its hind legs and has very fine fur, which is made into superb rugs and overcoats. It is caught like the kangaroo, in a noose fastened to a tree—sometimes in a pit-fall.

The *Dasyurus Arsinus*, or, as it is commonly called, the "Devil," is found in the woods: it is a small black animal—occasionally with white spots. It is extremely fierce and untameable. The native cat, the great plague of the poultry yard, is of a spotted dark yellow and black colour—something between a weasel and cat in appearance, and has very good fur. Then come the black, grey, and ring-tailed opossums: they are easily caught, and have beautiful fur. There are also found in other parts of the Island animals of the *Rodentia* tribe and the *Echidna*.

Yet nothing strikes the stranger, in wending his way over the wide waste of land, and wandering over hill and dale or through the trackless forest, so much as the great absence of animal life; for those animals above spoken of, though they are to be found, (and great quantities are annually taken by the trappist)

are seldom seen or met with in the day; and you may wander for miles, alone in the woods, without meeting a single living thing.

As to birds, save the quail and the pigeon, (not very abundant), there is no game for the sportsman, if we except the wild duck on the marshes and lakes. There are some specimens of pretty birds for the ornithologist's collection, but even these are seldom met with, and are fast failing in the island.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Night came, but with it came no hope—no rest  
To Conrad's stern and agitated breast :  
His thoughts—like lightning o'er some lonely tomb—  
Flash'd but to leave behind a darker gloom."

—*Gulnare.*

THERE is some good land on Forrestier's Peninsula; the most part is thickly wooded and intersected by high tiers or mountains, in many parts covered with close under-wood interlaced with parasitic vines, which render them almost impassable.

In attempting to cross one of these tiers, to visit on duty a whale fishery in Wilmot Harbour, Captain Booth, late 21st Fusileers, and the Commandant of the Peninsulas, lost his way and nearly his life. The Author obtained an account of his providential

escape from the papers of Assistant-Commissary-General Lempriere, who was in some measure instrumental in saving him, and was honoured with the public thanks of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Franklin, on the occasion; and, although it is in a measure foreign from this undertaking, yet as it may give the reader some idea of the difficulties attending a trip through the woods of Tasmania, we here will insert the narrative of this officer's mishaps, premising that he had much experience in bush life, and was accompanied by men who understood its difficulties. The story is as follows :—

“On Sunday morning, the 3rd June, 1838, on my return home after attending divine service, I was met by Power, the Commandant's servant, who stated he was in great apprehension about his master who had gone to the Sounds on Forrestier's

Peninsula on Thursday, on his way to visit the constable's post at Doctor Imlay's fishery, and was to have returned next day. I ordered a signal to be made to Eagle Hawk Neck to learn whether he had been heard of. The answer was, that the postman had arrived from Sorell, and stated that Captain Booth had been lost since Friday; also, that two soldiers had been sent from the Neck to search for him. The consternation at this intelligence was general on the settlement: civil officers, soldiers, and even convicts, expressed and looked the concern they felt. I determined to set off myself and to leave no stone unturned to find him. I took my bugle, (procured from the sergeant), two soldiers named Clark and Watt, manned a boat with the Commandant's crew, took it across the railroad, and in four hours and a-half was at the head of the Sounds, a distance of twenty miles. I found there the Woody Island



boat and its crew, who had been waiting since Friday. They had no rations left. I learnt that Captain Booth had started on Friday morning, taking with him the coxswain Turner, and three kangaroo dogs: that they had lost each other in the bush, and that Turner had returned to give the alarm; and further, that he had now gone with the two soldiers from Eagle Hawk Neck.

“In the course of the night I was joined by Mr. Francis Desailly, Mr. George Spottswood, a constable named Arnold, and Dr. Desailly's servants (ticket-of-leave men); they informed me that Mr. George Spottswood and Mr. Gilpin were out as well, but in another direction.

“Although distressed in mind on account of Captain Booth, it afforded me much satisfaction to find his worth so much

appreciated by the respectable settlers nearest to his command. It was impossible to do anything that night: we laid down in a bark hut till dawn. I then ordered my boat's crew to give their rations to the Woody Island crew, despatching the former back to Port Arthur for a supply of provisions for the use of the different parties which might join me. The whole party started together for a certain distance. I then continued with my two soldiers and one of the Woody Island Crew (who carried my kangaroo rug) straight on towards Blackman's River, whilst the remainder took to the right in extended orders. I continued sounding my bugle, and they a tin horn, firing shots occasionally.

“After going some distance, I heard shots on the left; and on going in that direction, met Private Mooney, of the 21st Regiment, and constable Gill, who, with another soldier,

had pulled themselves over in a dingy from the Coal Mines. I directed them to join me, and we met the remainder of the parties at a bark hut at the head of Blackman's River.

“We found an accession to our strength in Mr. Crocker, the two gentlemen mentioned before, and Turner, with the two soldiers. I interrogated Turner, whose conduct appeared open to suspicion. He had recently received fifty lashes for misconduct by sentence of Captain Booth, and was considered to be of a vindictive disposition. The answer he gave to the first question I put to him was not calculated to remove the unfavourable impression which existed against him; for, on my enquiring as to the facts, instead of expressing any sorrow, he merely said, ‘Worse accidents have happened at sea.’ I think if they had had the power the soldiers would have shot the

poor fellow on the spot ; so convinced were they that he had made away with their beloved officer. He at first appeared unwilling to answer any more questions ; but at length stated that they had lost themselves in a scrub about three miles off ; that he stopped to take a thorn out of his boot, Captain Booth still going on. Turner 'cooeed'\* after him, was answered once or twice, and then no more. He wandered about the bush the most part of the night, and then laid down by the foot of a tree, near a burnt hut. On Saturday morning, finding himself near Blackman's River, he made the best of his way to 'Coolabah,' (Captain Spottswood's seat,) to give the alarm. I directed him to lead the whole party to the Marshy Scrub, secretly putting him in charge of Private Mooney, for I suspected his account to be incorrect. When

\* A *Cooee* is a lengthened call used by the natives and adopted by the settlers.

near the spot, I thought I heard a 'cooe' on the left, and therefore desired the parties to divide into four and scour around the tier, whilst I went with my party straight up. The fatigue was distressing: we heard no sounds on our way up, although I was almost confident that my ears had not deceived me.

"On the top we met one of the parties—Messrs. Gilpin, George Spottswood, and a man of Dr. Imlay's. I requested them to take to the right, and we would march to the left, where I still thought I heard a faint 'cooe.' Our exertions were of no avail, and we returned to the bark hut at Blackman's River about three o'clock.

"The ground we had gone over was very rough and fatiguing. Quite exhausted, I threw myself on my rug: however, after a short nap and a warm cup of tea, I felt

myself quite refreshed, and determined to return to the Sounds to meet the boat and prepare rations for the whole party, whom I had directed to rendezvous there the next morning. We had about eight miles to walk through the bush after night-fall; but it being moonlight, and the soldier Clarke, who had often hunted the grounds, proving a good guide, we reached the Sounds in safety.

“Here I found Mr. Peter Barrow, who had come in the boat, and Mr. Crocker, who had taken the tiers towards the Neck after scouring the scrubby marsh in which Captain Booth and Turner had been separated. Of his party he brought one soldier, having missed in the tiers the other, with some volunteers. I found also that some more constables had joined and had gone into the bush, with the exception of Reardon, who waited for me.

“The Eagle Hawk Neck boat had also been despatched to search the coast on the sea-side and round to Blackman’s Bay. It began to rain, and my apprehensions for my poor friend were at their height. The next morning I despatched Mr. Crocker across the tiers with three soldiers, and Bailey the Commandant’s coxswain, with Captain Booth’s terrier ‘Tartar,’ a faithful animal, for he, I was sure, would scent his poor master, dead or alive. Lieutenant Andrews, the second in command, happening to be in Hobart Town, I thought it best to despatch constable Reardon with a letter to him, stating the situation we were placed in, and requesting an accession of force and more bugles. About an hour after he had left, whilst expecting the parties in for rations, constable Wetherell came running to the hut: he brought the joyful intelligence that Captain Booth had been found alive, and was to be at Captain Spottswood’s. that

morning. I despatched the only soldier left with me to Eagle Hawk Neck to signalize the event to the settlement. I had but three of the boat's crew left, and the constable, who could not pull. However, I took the steer-oar, and, with the three men, managed to get the boat to East Bay Neck, just half-an-hour after Captain Booth had arrived. I found him in a most emaciated state, without the use of his lower extremities and scarcely of his hands. He had, however, met with the kindest attention from Captain Spottswood's amiable family; and Dr. Desailly, although in ill health himself, had made a point of meeting him there to tender his professional aid.

“After partaking of some refreshments under Captain Spottswood's hospitable roof, we deposited Captain Booth safely on kangaroo rugs in the bottom of the boat, and mustering another hand to pull, I steered



him to the railroad, Norfolk Bay, where we met the other officers of the settlement, all happy to see the Commandant alive. After a safe trip across the railroad, I happily delivered my charge safely at his own quarters.

“I was naturally much disappointed at not having been with the party who found Captain Booth, as I was at the time at Blackman's River, not more than three miles off, when returning to the Sounds. I was vexed also that it was not reported to me till next morning, for it would have avoided some trouble; as, in consequence of my letter to Lieutenant Andrews, which reached him at a ball given to the officers of Her Majesty's ship ‘Conway,’ the Commanding Officer sent down, the next morning, by the ‘Eliza,’ three officers, thirty soldiers, and bugles.

“The particulars of Captain Booth’s recovery were as follows:—Mr. Desailly’s party, (with whom were Mooney; Gill, and Turner,) had rounded the tier on which I had been. Mr. Desailly thought he heard a sound, and at the same moment Mooney saw ‘Sandy,’ one of Captain Booth’s kangaroo dogs, come out of the bush. The dog ran back to the spot where his master was laid almost insensible. The shout given on account of his being found and the quick discharging of their fire-arms showed the feeling of joy which pervaded every breast. A fire was immediately kindled and a party despatched to Dr. Imlay’s for blankets, &c. Captain Booth was incautiously brought too near the fire for his frost-bitten feet, and suffered much in consequence. He said, that after parting with Turner, (who, aware that much suspicion had attached to him, was not the least amongst the rejoiced at the rescue,) he had passed the night in a

damp swamp, and suffered much from cold. The next morning he with difficulty ascended the tier, and felt quite exhausted. He passed the night on the summit, and found in the morning that he could hardly use his limbs. He had no covering except his clothes, nor anything to eat: he tried to descend to what appeared to his eyes a clear place; but when he got there, found, to his mortification, that it was a cascade. He could hardly manage to crawl up again. He resigned himself to his fate, and passed another miserable night. On Monday morning he heard my bugle and shots, and knew a friend was near; he attempted to draw himself nearer towards the sounds, but found it impossible. He heard a shot fired within about one hundred and fifty yards from him. Faint and weak, he could not raise his voice to 'cooe;' he tried one of his pistols, the trigger broke, the other had got wet through. The sound of fire-

arms appeared to recede, the bugle was no longer heard, all was over, no chance left. A few minutes after these melancholy thoughts had assailed him, when he had resigned every idea of being rescued from a miserable and lingering death, kind Providence ordained that his deliverers should be at his side. He could only express his thankfulness by a look."

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ To sit on rocks ; to muse o'er flood and fell ;  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been.”

—*Byron.*

ALTHOUGH from the preceding story the danger of losing one's way in the trackless forests of Tasmania is depicted, yet to the lover of the grand and beautiful there is a ramble of much interest over those very tiers of Forrestier's Peninsula ; and if you are well provided with an intelligent guide, and some preparatory stock in the eating line, and a blanket in case of extending your stroll beyond the day, you need not fear a similar accident as befel Captain Booth. There is one path used by the trappist that leads you over a very fine

range of hills, and brings you out to the sea-side, where a range of magnificent rocks of pillar-like formation line the shore, and where the swelling roll of the wave rushing between dashes the spray all around: the hollow sound reverberates along the aisles thus curiously grouped by nature.

Returning inland, you pass a fine piece of tilled land, and strike into the more traversed path leading from the Neck to King George's Sound. But to the lover of the picturesque and beautiful, there is no greater treat than cruising round this peninsula; and on a calm summer's eve, as the sun-setting rays glance down upon the tranquil waters of the bay, all the headlands are thrown out in bold relief, and the eye is charmed by the sublime beauty of this inland sea, with all its towering hills around its pretty bays, and the long line of the Seven Mile Beach stretching before you, the several

stations appearing and disappearing, as the gentle breeze wafts you onward, like smiling villages in a rich and beautiful country. The chain-gang and its associations are forgotten, and you are in Tasmania—a land of peace and plenty.

But, alas! there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Passing the pretty islands of Green and George, you enter the Sounds and pass two small bays, where sweet thoughts cannot fail to spring to your mind. When rounding a point, you come on the jetty of the Sound, where are piled baskets of meat from the slaughter-house, this place being the depôt for the contractor; and even now, as we approach, they are landing cattle from a small vessel; and the animals, in spite of the cooling they receive from a swim ashore, seem very much inclined to play all sorts of pranks, and look exceedingly belligerent:

two or three horsemen are all alive and active amongst them, a service of considerable danger, requiring wonderful presence of mind and great equestrian skill, for the ox will constantly turn on the driver; and then the only chance is dexterity and speed, getting out of his way, turning, and outflanking him, and by a well aimed cut of a large whip check his impetuosity.

The settlers in the counties, when in the interior collecting cattle, which they allow to graze at large over the wilds, enjoy above all things a good cattle-hunt, and the owner is sure to have several young hunters in his train on an expedition of the kind. From the danger attending, greater excitement is produced. The leaps they take are prodigious,—now galloping along a frowning precipice, then through a dense forest, leaping over the fallen trees, pushing their way with headlong speed through the jungle, over



the mountain's side, or across the open plain. The cattle will take their way right a-head through everything; nothing seems to stop them; and if the hunter once loses the chase, farewell to its recovery, perhaps, for days again. The colonists, therefore, are splendid horsemen, cool and daring; and the generality of the horses of wonderful power of endurance, seeming to enjoy the hunt more than the hunter.

From the jetty there is a road to East Bay Neck of four miles, partly over a difficult path through the forest, which intercepts your view; then over a fine level beach which leads you to it. On this beach is sometimes seen the redbill or great oyster catcher, which is often shot by the sportsman, and is not unlike the wild duck in flavour; also the sandpiper. Over the Neck is a tram-road for the conveyance of boats. There used to be a sergeant's guard

here, but three or four constables now do the duty. From the Neck, a deep bay with a narrow entrance leads to the open sea, Maria Island being distinctly seen to the left.

But the adventurous tourist can still cruise up this outer bay, and, entering the broad mouth of Blackman's River, enjoy some of the wildest scenery imaginable. The river comes up between high hills covered with fine timber, and a bushman's track leads over a very magnificent ravine. Scrambling up a lofty hill, you gain a fine view of the open sea over Cape Frederick, a high cliff running out from North Bay, in the bight of which is the entrance to a large lagoon, where wild duck abound. Over some towering cliffs of this iron-bound coast, a driver's path conducts along it back to the entrance of Blackman's River.

Maria Island is separated from the main land by a channel varying from four to eight miles, and is navigable for large vessels, though its soundings have never been properly laid down, as there is a small island called Lachlan's Midway in the channel, westward of which there is shoal water. On the east side the island presents a mass of perpendicular basaltic rock, except in Half Moon Bay ; but the west or inner shore has a very delightful and picturesque appearance, gradually sloping to a sandy beach. The island is nearly divided by a low sandy isthmus, separating Half Moon from Oyster Bay, the bays running in within a few yards on either side.

From a lofty mountain forming the north-east extremity, the land inclines to the settlement, which was named Darlington. The part of this mountain which faces the sea presents a high wall of turretted rock ;

and the projecting point, called Cape Bou-  
langer, is distinguished by two immense  
rocks one jutting above the other, named  
(from their appearance) the Bishop and  
Clerk. The hill itself is called Mount  
Pedder. A river of excellent water runs by  
the settlement, where there were several  
fine buildings ; but this very beautiful island  
is no longer a penal settlement, which is a  
matter of much gratification, as it is,  
in very truth, a charming place, having  
some thousand acres of land capable of  
cultivation, some very fine timber, and in  
many parts the soil is excellent : altogether  
a more fertile spot is not in Tasmania.  
There are several lagoons and running  
streams ; the shores abound with capital  
fish ; and the best oysters are found in  
Oyster Bay. Several animals whose fur is  
valuable are trapped in the woods, and  
many birds of variegated plumage. The  
climate is mild and warm, and whilst the

settlement was in being there were several most productive gardens. The island ceased to be a penal settlement in 1851, and is now rented by the Government: so still cheerily we prognosticate that a few years will see a thriving city here, adapted, as it seems to be, for a sea-port town of some importance.

Returning to East Bay Neck, you proceed along the coast for some way, and again enter the forest. Some farm-houses are met with along the road, which is merely a track-way cut through the woods. Passing Carlton River and Plain, where there are two or three very good farms, you again strike into the forest till you come to Dodge's Ferry, the entrance on Seven Mile Beach on the left, and the road to Sorell on the right. Leaving the latter, you skirt along this beach, (spoken of before), and coming to Ralph Ferry, where a railroad

conveys boats over a narrow neck of land, you take to your boat again into Ralph Bay, a fine reach of considerable extent.

Entering once more on the Derwent, you pass along the left shore some clearings and some fine scenery, till, rounding the outer point, the city bursts on your view, nestling under the shade of the mountain range that surrounds it, looking uncommonly beautiful from this spot; as, in truth, it does from whatever place you view it. The road to Sorell leads along the shore of a still more inland bay, called Pittwater, till you come to a small fordable stream, and then, entering the woods, you come on the so-called town of Sorell,—though only a town in name at present,—situated in a valley, with a fine ridge of high lands encircling it, commanding a very interesting view of Pittwater Bay, close to which the township runs. The district of Sorell is an

extensive one, and contains within its range a vast amount of very valuable land. There are many settlers, with good farms, and a great deal of cleared land. Several coasters ply over the bay to Hobart Town. There are two churches built here—one of the established religion, and one of the Scotch Independent; but there are no houses in the town as yet, save the magistrate's, the doctor's, the parson's, and the inn. It is proposed to have a good road from Kangaroo Point, and, cutting a causeway through the Bluff Hill, open a direct line of communication to Hobart Town. The road, at present, leads round by Richmond, nine miles; but there is a way for the tourist—a track to the Bluff and a ferry-boat, four miles to Sorell.

Kangaroo Point is remarkable as being the place selected for the annual regatta; commanding, as it does, an extensive view

up and down the Derwent and opposite the city, with good landing and high ground above. During the regatta the shops are closed, and a holiday given at all the public offices. It continues ~~two~~ days, and is kept up with much spirit, and the races are well contested, considerable prizes being given, and everything done to promote an amusement so beneficial in its results to an island colony. Every species of boat has its peculiar race prizes.



## CHAPTER IX.

"Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,  
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream,  
Both where at evening Alleghany views,  
Through ridges burning in her western beam,  
Lake after lake interminably gleam,  
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam."

—*Campbell.*

AGAIN must the tourist leave the city, and embark on board the Culloden, a little steamer that plies twice a week to the Huon, remaining one night in the river, and twice to New Norfolk, returning each day. By the former trip you proceed down the Derwent to the entrance of D'Entrecasteaux Channel, and, skirting by the northern extremity of Bruni Island, strike across the bay to the river Huon. We cannot, however, pass Bruni Island without a description.

It is situated between Storm Bay and D'Entrecasteaux Channel, and consists of two parts, North and South Bruni, connected by a narrow neck of land which forms the shore of Adventure Bay, on the side of Storm Bay. A very fine sandy beach of seven miles in extent runs round this bay, which is very beautiful, and remarkable as being the place where Captain Cook first landed. There is a tree here bearing the marks cut by him and his crew during their visit. On the southern extremity is a lighthouse, on Cape Bruni, to the west of Bad Bay; but though this division of the island is better watered and of better soil, it is not as yet much settled on, the northern part being more conveniently situated from its proximity to the main land and distance from Hobart Town. It contains from one hundred and fifty to two hundred inhabitants. There are several nice farms, though the settlers suffer much from the

want of good water. There are also many sawyers and splitters scattered over the island, who earn a comfortable livelihood by sending fire-wood to the city, where it fetches very high prices, averaging from £2 to £3 per ton.

There are two churches in North Bruni ; one at Variety Bay, built and endowed with ten acres of land by Mr. William Lawrence, the pilot ; the other at Barnes' Bay, built by subscriptions and a grant from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The site was given by Mr. Richard Pybus. There are several lagoons of fresh water in both islands ; one of very peculiarly attractive appearance in North Bruni, near Adventure Bay, within twenty yards of high water mark, and the property of Mr. Dean. These lagoons are frequented by numerous flocks of wild ducks. There is also an abundance of the wild pigeon tribe found

in the island. At Denis Point, North Bruni, there is a ferry-boat, and also a guard boat well manned. In the winter season great quantities of the kingfish are driven into the different bays and left on the beach. On the receding of the tide, they are collected by the inhabitants, dried, and salted for market.

Barnes' Bay is very handsome, with beautiful scenery around. There is one pretty clearance here belonging to Captain Fayle, and several others now commencing. The steamer passes close by, and there is also easy communication to the main land and the Brown's River road to town. On the other side, where there are some settlers, are the safe bays Patrick and Trumpeter, and good anchorage in all the inlets of the two islands.

Leaving Kelly's Point on Bruni Island and Tinderbox Bay on the main land, you pass North-west Bay, a fine open one, with a pretty sandy beach, and the shore dotted here and there with some snug abodes of the settlers, and a field now and then well cultivated. On making the southern point of this bay, you bear a little away to the right for six or seven miles, the line of coast still presenting the same appearance, with a background of high land thickly timbered. Opening Birch's Bay you see the saw-mills of Mr. Taylor in shore, and some good houses, with gardens and patches of cultivated land scattered about.

Leaving this bay, you sight Huon Island at the mouth of the river, which is about a mile in circumference. There is a safe passage on both sides of this island, though further up the river are some rocks called

the Oil Butts; but, by keeping Huon Island in line with an outer island in the Channel (called Woody Isle), you steer clear of all danger. .

Garden Island appears from those rocks; and though from its name one would suppose it was a fertile spot, it is not so—it being rocky and barren. The shores on both sides of the Huon are precipitous for a considerable way up, having very high land in the back-ground, covered with large timber. About five miles distant, you turn into a deep bay leading to Port Cygnet, and pass the first clearing or township of Leamington, situated on the shore of an inner bay, having some four or five houses and some small patches of cultivation, the principal trade being from the sawyers and splitters in the interior. It is, however, a very pretty spot, and the fine range of hill behind enhances its beauty.

Three miles from it and up the outer bay is the larger township of Port Cygnet, where there are some twenty to thirty houses, and evidently soon about to become a place of much importance; for, although there is but little cultivated land as yet, still, as the timber is cleared away, agriculture advances; and, the soil being of excellent quality, and settlers thronging to the locality, a very few years will see a large and thriving town here. Up Nicholas Rivulet are also several clearings.

Leaving Port Cygnet Bay, you again enter the river. Passing on the opposite side of Police Point, you proceed by Desolation Bay, where there are some clearings. Flowerpot Bay has a peculiar rock at its entrance, which, from its formation and the brushwood growing on the top, gives it this name. You next pass Bullock Point, where is a good place for loading timber.

In Flight's Bay are the saw-mills of Mr. Arthur, and in Hospital Bay those of Mr. Hill. Above the Egg Islands the river forms into two channels, leaving a long swamp between: this destroys the navigation in a great measure. Still, the steamer can go up to Franklin Settlement, which is in a forward state. This was originally purchased by Lady Franklin, and let out on clearing leases, to encourage settlers. The highest navigable point, at present, is Victoria, where a town has lately been commenced and a church built.

One mile and a-half above this are the Falls; and above this the river is deep and navigable for small craft. There are a great many settlements up this river, and the timber being of excellent quality, affords occupation to hundreds. For the most part the land is of a fine rich description, and in a short time will form some of the



best farms in Tasmania. Altogether the river trip is one of much interest, and of such diversity of scene and beauty, that it well repays two days' wandering.

To the southward of the entrance of the river is the deep Bay of Esperance and Adamson's River; from the point, entering which, you have a fine view of Adamson's Peak, a high hill overtopping the range. A deep lagoon extends a long way inland, and nearer to the sea is the safe and commodious anchorage of Recherche Bay and Ramsgate township.

The Culloden steamer starts at eight o'clock every Monday and Thursday for New Norfolk, to which place there is also a daily coach which leaves the city at six o'clock, a.m. By the steamer you cruise over the prettiest portion of the Derwent. Rounding the Domain past the

Government dock-yard, you have a capital view of the Botanical Gardens. The river still seems but a succession of lakes: on either side are rich farms or finely wooded hills sloping to the water's edge, thickly timbered and giving a degree of richness and beauty to the scene as you glide over its placid waters; for the stream is exceedingly sluggish and the current scarcely perceptible, more particularly when the tide is coming in.

Passing a wide reach of water or lake called Newtown Bay, you come in view of Risdon Ferry, the road to Richmond. A large punt, capable of carrying over carriages and horses, is always in waiting to convey you across the arm of the river,—about three quarters of a mile over. One mile and a half from the ferry is the extensive property of T. G. Gregson, Esq., M.L.C., situated on an eminence, and almost

surrounded by a high range of hills, of which Mount Direction is the principal. Risdon (originally called Restdown) was the site selected as a resting-place for the first settlers, and the foundations of a town were actually laid here, part of which are still to be seen. The tree where the first camp was pitched by Colonel Geils is also pointed out. It is a very fine place; and the beauty and order of the locality correspond with that courteous hospitality and good cheer, together with the kind urbanity of its worthy proprietor, which leave in the stranger's heart feelings of gratitude not easily forgotten.

Beyond this range of hills, at the back of Risdon, the river winds past O'Brien's Bridge, forming a lake which bears a striking similarity to one of the smaller lakes of Killarney, Mount Wellington presenting the appearance of the reeks of Macgillivuddy.

The little village is one of the neatest in the island; and a fine rich background of a deep valley running into the mountain gorge adds much to its picturesque beauty. Proceeding on, you pass a fine island and some pretty places, which look most imposing along the sides of the long tier of mountain range that extend from Mount Wellington into the heart of the island.

Passing through the portcullis at Bridgewater, you enter on narrower waters but not less beautiful, the shores on either side still presenting a most pleasing and picturesque appearance, till, as the river grows narrow with high ridges of forest-covered hills on either side, you open a splendid view of the valley in which is the town or rather village of New Norfolk, a charming resting place, with a capital hotel and many a delightful walk or ride in every direction. Indeed, there could not be found a more

pleasing trip by either land or water than the visit to this pretty place, which affords to the lover of the pencil an opportunity to indulge his taste in every variety of scene and view.

A very fine building, the Lunatic Asylum, under the Government, is also to be inspected with interest, and is worthy of note. Also, the Governor's country place, although it is now rented, and appears no more than a comfortable cottage, with pretty shrubberies and grounds. A capital road conducts you to Bridgewater and back to the city by the Launceston or main road. For the description of the country above New Norfolk the Author is indebted to the extreme kindness of a friend who has resided in its neighbourhood; and, as any addition or change in its style would lessen its beauty, he copies it verbatim, giving it, as it is well worthy, a chapter to itself.

## CHAPTER X.

"The golden sun has coloured all the woods ;  
Fresh views succeed, each brighter than the last.  
There barren rocks are chancell'd by the floods—  
Here, Flora's beauties cannot be surpass'd.

—*Leigh.*

THE road from New Norfolk to Marlborough, which it is now our intention to describe, is characterised by much beauty of scenery :—the River Derwent majestically winding on the left, and the monotony lessened by inlets, &c. ; small islands thickly covered with shrubs of every description ; and diminutive cataracts, which in time past have been even dangerous to the venturesome traveller, rushing as they do with velocity over the rocky ridges which impede the turbulent stream in its headlong course.

It is also worthy of remark, that the whole of this part of the river is embedded with solid rock. The road does but little credit to either the inhabitants or the Government ; it being in some parts—and more especially in the rainy season of the year—all but impassable ; and along the banks of the noble Derwent, as they jut more prominently outward, the traveller, in pursuing his way, places his life in jeopardy. It being destitute of a fence for some considerable distance, and the road being raised eighty to a hundred feet above the level of the river, does not decrease its peril ; added to which, a high embankment on the right leaves it impossible, with a restive horse or negligent driver, to escape scatheless, or perchance with life.

The only mode of conveyance in this part of the country, with the exception of the saddle-horse, is a kind of omnibus, or

as it is here designated, a van ; containing six inside, and, by dint of great manœuvring, two with the driver. It being entirely without covering in no way increases its comforts. For some miles they drive tandem, that being thought more preferable.

Many pretty country residences attract the eye on the road to the Woolpack, the place of changing horses, but which want of time and space prevent our enumerating. After passing some short distance by Shooter's Hill, formerly occupied by Josiah Spode, Esq., we bid adieu for a few brief hours to the pure waters of the Derwent ; and as we proceed, the beautiful Macquarie Plains next call forth our admiration. We pause to say a few words of its inhabitants. We first recognise the sweet cottage and verdant garden, surrounded by English meadows, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Hesketh, officiating clergyman of the Woolpack.



Mr. Barker, an old colonist, has also here his country seat, and is noted for kindness and hospitality to the stranger. Here again the Derwent greets our admiring eye, riveting the attention, as it seems so calm in its majestic beauty.

Nothing of note occurs until we reach the Woolpack. It being the half-way house on the road to Hamilton, renders it invariably greeted by the van-traveller with feelings of joy. A pretty church forms one of its principal objects of attraction—if we except the beautiful sweetbriar and hawthorn hedges which line and adorn the entrance to the inn, that being a low-roofed, weather-boarded, wayside resting-place. A blacksmith's shop is the only other habitation there. And now again we find ourselves proceeding on our journey; and for some little distance enjoy the comfort of a good road, passing through

the estates of the very extensive landed proprietor, W. J. T. Clarke, Esq. But soon again we are rolling over a vast quantity of sand and loose stone, and find how vain our anticipations have been of a good road all the way. But, however, after rambling over them for some time, we arrive at a long and tedious hill, well-known by the name of White's Hill; the steepness of which obliges our van travellers to trust to their own resources. At its foot, after descending a rocky declivity, we perceive a small neat cottage. The extreme civility evinced by its inhabitants, in rendering all the assistance in their power to the weary traveller and jaded horse, are alike worthy of remark and commendation.

Having with some difficulty obtained the summit of this fatiguing height, we look with pleasure to the lovely plain stretching before us; and in glancing around the face

of the country, perceive its aspect is somewhat different, there being but few trees ; whereas that which we have but some time passed was thickly covered—the gum and wattle prevailing.

And now we hasten on to the township of Hamilton, the entrance of which strikes the stranger as being most beautiful. And, standing on the Clyde Hill, we gaze from the quiet little hamlet lying so prettily in the valley, seemingly beneath our feet, to the bluey ridges of the distant mountains as they lay stretching miles away. And then, as our eye rests more steadily upon each, we recognise the Wild Scrag, or Peak of Teneriffe ; the Snowy Range, over which no foot has trod, glittering in the sun's bright rays ; and Mount Olympus, back almost as far as the eye can reach, and only distinguishable by its broad flat top, adding but another charm to excite our admiration,

and almost tempting the hand to stay the steed and gaze once more upon nature's handiwork, as it seems so solemn in its beauty. On descending the Clyde Hill, we pass by Dr. Sharland's, whose door is never closed to the stranger, and whose ready hand and warm welcome bespeak his kindly heart.

But in place of passing through the township, we turn slightly to the left, that being on our way to the new country, and for full ten miles pass through the most beautiful park-like scenery, Lawrenny, the estate of Edward Lord, Esq. When about a mile and a-half from the Ouse Bridge, we catch a glimpse through the clustering trees of Dunrobin, the property of W. A. Bethune, Esq. Close to this pretty country seat is the bridge now building across the River Derwent—a noble structure of solid stone. Government labour has been employed in

its erection for the last three years; and although it has been an immense expense, it will eventually prove worthy of its cost. There is also now being cut close by, a road leading to the western country, discovered and described by Major Cotton. Would we could also think that the time, trouble, and expense lavished upon it, could be repaid by its usefulness.

After passing some time in these reflections, we proceed to the Ouse Bridge, which is rather more than ten miles from Hamilton. A small but pretty chapel, post-office, police station, blacksmith's shop, school-house, (which is very well attended), one or two small shops, and last in our remarks, though not in a traveller's thoughts, a comfortable country inn. Four miles through a pretty country, on the Marlborough road, we catch a last peep of the river Ouse; and having passed through the properties of

W. Jamieson and Pringle White, Esqs., we arrive at the boundary line of Rotherwood, the estate of J. T. Pogson, Esq., whose energies are all directed to following the good old English system of the cottier tenant; and instinctively the eye rests upon the numerous cottages with feelings of pleasure, recalling to memory, as they do, the industry of the English labourer.

About half a mile before entering Victoria Valley, a distance of twelve miles from the Ouse Bridge, our attention is attracted to a magnificent waterfall, which, being but a short distance inland, is visible from the road. It is estimated that it falls one hundred feet from an almost perpendicular height, and flows from the Kenmere Rivulet or Native Hut Creek. The appearance of the country is that of a marsh, prettily interspersed with trees. The only thing for which it is remarkable, is that of

having once been a probation station. The folly of the Government, in expending between £50,000 and £60,000 upon drainage only, is not to be forgotten,—it being now a confused mass of drains from twenty-two feet wide, and others again smaller, presenting the appearance of diminutive canals; and so far from any benefit being derived from all this waste, it is universally admitted that the marsh is of less value than it formerly was. The houses are in thick clusters, and strike you as being somewhat similar in appearance to military barracks; and, in the distance, surrounded by gentle rises, the face of the country looks singularly picturesque. It is now rented from the Government by T. F. Marzetti, Esq., at a mere nominal rent.

Passing through the stations of Mr. Edolls and W. J. T. Clarke, Esq., we come to the Dee Scrub—a heavy jungle, some two or

three miles in extent. Gigantic trees of every description here spread forth their broad and noble boughs, not only obscuring the sun's bright rays, but lending a feeling of loneliness by enfolding all within the mantle of darkness.

After pausing to admire this extensive forest, we again take our onward course; and, after some distance, arrive at the river Dee, which takes its rise from Lake Echo. Having crossed over a nice little bridge, we wend our way through the stations of W. Synnott and W. Sharland, Esqs. Low, marshy land is the chief feature in these properties. Another probation station next arrests our glance — known as the Seven Mile Creek:—but here Desolation reigns supreme, giving it the appearance of some old ruin; for, with the exception of some shepherds of Mr. Sharland's, it is wholly uninhabited.



The entire road from the Ouse Bridge is a gradual ascent, so that, as we now stand upon the extremity of the rise, the valley, similar to the township of Hamilton, opens almost beneath our feet, suddenly bringing to our sight the vast estate of Bronté and district of Marlborough. The view is most grand—Mount Olympus appearing on a more extended scale, whilst crowds of hills range far back; not omitting to mention the celebrated Brady's Sugar Loaf, which, with Mount Olympus and the Scraggy Peak, is one of the sights for the trigonometrical survey.

We now commence the descent—an almost perpendicular distance of between two and three hundred feet; and, having gained the bottom of this stupendous height, look around upon the police station and few shepherds' huts, comprising the only inhab-

itable part of Marlborough, except the small cottages on the Bronté estate, now the property of W. J. T. Clarke, Esq.

With astonishment we now observe that the whole of the trees are without foliage, and stand forth like huge gaunt spectres—spreading out their immense arms, lending such a feeling of horror to the uninitiated traveller that he almost shrinks with loathing from traversing this solitary path in the gloom and haze of night. The reason assigned for this strange phenomenon by the inhabitants in the district is, that a most severe frost in the year 1836 killed, with very few exceptions, every tree and shrub around: and, save those growing on the range of hills, the eye meets nought but desolation. It may not seem amiss to mention that, notwithstanding

the barren appearance, it is a very heavily timbered country.

The next object we notice is a beautiful bridge across the river; and the police station, a glimpse of which we caught when on the rise before entering Marlborough, is now sufficiently near for our inspection. It consists of a very pretty and substantial stone cottage, which affords excellent accommodation for the traveller. After having passed this by, and crossed the Nive, the eye rests upon immense plains with but few trees, whilst innumerable herds of cattle bring to mind the vast prairies of America. Several small rivers intersect the land, the two principal being the Clarence and Travellers' Rest, over which temporary bridges are erected for the purpose of passing stock. The owners of the stations by which we are surrounded are Henric

Nicholas, W. J. T. Clarke, and T. Standfield, Esq. Nothing worthy of remark occurs till we arrive at Lake St. Clair, the entrance to which does not partake of the general beauty of the scenery around, and causes a feeling of disappointment to arise in the heart of the traveller at its monotony.

But soon these fancies are dispelled, when, having unmoored the beautiful gig, placed there by private subscription, and pulling far out into the centre of the lake, the hands unconsciously relax their grasp of the oars, and the tourist gazes around on the beautiful scenery that lays revealed before his enraptured eye. The snowy white beach lining the borders of the lake is adorned by native shrubs, and covered by shells and pebbles of every description. The waratah, mingling with a thousand different shades of foliage, is more entrancing to the eye than words can well convey. Flowing into the

lake on the upper side, is the river Narcissus, which, sweeping again outward from the other extremity, forms the source of the Derwent. The myrtle, cabbage-palm, fern-tree, tea-tree, and pepper-tree, are but a few of those which grow so luxuriantly in this soil, and, together with the numerous spurs of the mountain that jut out on the lake covered with every description of native shrubs, lay reflected in the crystal mirror; whilst the lofty ranges of Mount Ida, Mount Olympus, and the Seven Apostles, at whose immediate base the lake is situated, look grand in their majesty. The numerous attempts which have been made to sound its depth have, as yet, ever proved fruitless. The length is generally estimated at fifteen miles, and extending from two to four miles in breadth. The desolate aspect of the country for the last eighteen miles renders the lovely appearance of this noble sheet of water, surrounded by every beauty

the hand of nature can plant, still more enthralling; and the stranger feels amply repaid for all the discomforts of his journey, when in the midst of that upon which he can but gaze in ecstasy.

Before we close our description of this part of the country we fain would observe that there is another road, beside that we have just passed over, leading to Lake St. Clair—one cut by private enterprise, and possessing the advantage of being ten miles shorter; but as it commences from, and runs the whole way through, the large estates of T. L. Gellibrand, Esq., it is not generally used, being thought private. Compared with the large sums expended upon that made by Government, its cost has been but some few pounds, which its usefulness has many times repaid. Mr. Gellibrand's estate of Cleveland is about five miles from the Ouse Bridge, along a

fatiguing sandy soil. The house is prettily situated on an eminence overlooking the river Dee, which flows along the bottom of the extensive fruit garden adjoining.

Here, again, we find a great quantity of tenants, whose chief characteristics are industry and firm attachment to the small portion of ground forming their only home. And as our eye glances over the sweet pretty view from the house of the river winding so gracefully through the little shrubs, which grow near the water-side, we cannot fail to notice that great attention is paid to irrigation—all the meadows looking as though covered with green velvet : so truly refreshing to the eye is the beautiful English grass.

About two miles from here, we approach the beautiful cataract of the Derwent, which, after dashing and tossing into a

thousand different streamlets, unites into one body, and flows precipitously between the vast mass of solid rock which for some considerable distance lines the way. The force with which it falls, more especially in winter, is very great—greeting the ear some time before the eye sights this truly pleasing scene; and not only rendering the voice perfectly inaudible when standing on the rocks, but filling the heart with a feeling almost amounting to awe, as the gazer watches with intense interest the waters bursting in their sparkling grandeur.

A waterfall is also another pretty object of observation upon this estate, known by the name of Black Bob's Falls. Standing beneath on a small green spot, we look upwards, a distance of between forty and fifty feet, upon the water roaring down the perpendicular precipice; and watching its dashing course so rivets and fascinates the



attention as to render it almost difficult to turn away and ramble again by the still flowing waters of the Dee, or gaze upon the humble contented tenant, as he toils at the plough or stands vigorously thrashing out the grain so amply stowed in the lowly barn.

But we now must bid adieu to this scenery, content if our readers have with us, in fancy, rambled over the wild country we have humbly sought, for their amusement and information, to depict.

## CHAPTER XI.

**" 'Tis education forms the common mind :  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.**

• • • • •

**Bid harbours open—public ways extend;  
Bid temples worthier of the gods ascend;  
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,  
The mole projected break the roaring main;  
Back to his bounds the subject sea command,  
And roll obedient rivers through the land."**

*—Pope.*

HOBART TOWN, or, as it is now more elegantly designated, the City of Hobarton, described as to its general appearance in a former chapter, needs now some account of its progress in the arts and sciences, in which it is rapidly advancing, and deserves a more worthy note than our humble pen can give.

As we treat only of the present and of one short year, we will not fatigue our kind

readers by any review of the past, but rather, from notes received from individuals well conversant in the matter, compile this chapter of the present.

First in our notice must come the means of education afforded to youth; in treating of which, we must leave Hobarton a little to speak of *Christ's College, Bishopsbourne*, established in 1846 for the promoting sound and useful learning according to the principles of the Church of England. The College has been set on foot and endowed entirely by private subscriptions here and in England. It possesses 3200 acres of land at Bishopsbourne, 400 acres at New Town, 100 acres at New Norfolk, 50 acres at the Huon, with a promise of 500 acres at Tunbridge, provided the College buildings should be erected on that township. The annual rental of the College estates amounts to

£1065. The Foundation at present consists of a warden, sub-warden, two honorary fellows, the Gell fellow, three divinity fellows, and the master of the junior school. There are, besides, several scholarships founded either by private individuals, or by the various professions collectively. The present Society consists of Visitor—The Right Reverend Francis Russel, Lord Bishop of Tasmania. Warden—Rev. P. V. A. Filleul, M.A. Sub-warden—Rev. W. Brooke, B.A. Honorary Fellows—1, Ven. Archdeacon Marriott, M.A.; 2, Ven. Archdeacon Davies, B.A. Gell Fellow and Bursar—Rev. C. F. Garnsey. Divinity Fellows—1, P. P. Fogg; 2, E. P. Adams; 3, vacant. Master of junior school—..... Scholarships—Clerical, £25 per annum each, 1, vacant, 2, vacant; Archdeacon's, £20 per annum, A. Sharland; Magistrate's, A. N. Mason; Medical, H. A. Brock; Dry's, R. Richardson; Dumaresq's,

vacant; Reibey's, vacant; Brown's, vacant; Franklin, vacant. The College terms are £60 per annum, payable half-yearly in advance. This sum includes tuition fees, and board and lodging. Extras, which consist of washing, drawing, stationery, &c., are charged at the end of each half-year. The age of admission is not limited, and no religious test is exacted. All members of the College in residence are, however, expected to conform to its rules, which are adapted to the principles of the Church of England. There is a well-chosen library, consisting of nearly 4000 volumes. Librarian—Rev. C. F. Garnsey. Extracts from the Seventh Annual Commemoration Report will be seen in Appendix [A], and read with interest.

We now return to the city: and first we meet with *The Hutchins School*, founded in memory of the late Archdeacon Hutchins,

a very neat and elegant building in the Gothic style ; and covering, with its gardens, play-grounds, &c., &c., nearly two acres, situated in a very central locality in Macquarie-street. The following account was furnished to the Author by the extreme kindness of the Venerable Archdeacon . Davies. The Hutchins School was opened August 3rd, 1846. Visitor — The Lord Bishop of Tasmania. Head Master—The Reverend John R. Buckland, B.A., late Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Second and Mathematical Master—Matthew Kennett, St. John's College, Cambridge. Third Master—The Rev. H. Abdy Middleton, B.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. Fourth Master—Mr. L. Trollope. The Terms will be from the 1st January 1854—Day scholars, under 12 years of age, £12 per annum ; day scholars, above 12 years of age, £16 per annum ; boarders, under 12 years of age, £60 per annum ; boarders, above 12

years of age, £70 per annum ; day boarders, dining in the house, £32 per annum ; drawing (an extra at the option of parents), £4 4s. per annum. Each boarder is expected to bring two pairs of sheets, six towels, a knife, fork, and spoon. A quarter's notice is required before the removal of any pupil. All accounts are sent in quarterly ; and any pupil whose account remains unpaid for more than a quarter will be removed. There are at present 120 scholars. At a meeting of the Trustees of the Hutchins School, held at Hobart Town, on Thursday the 22nd day of December, 1853, the Hon. the Speaker of the Legislative Council in the Chair, it was proposed by the Hon. the Attorney-General, and seconded by the Venerable Archdeacon Davies,

“ That for every sum of two hundred pounds paid to the Trustees of the Hutchins School, from the ‘ Newcastle Scholarship Fund,’ a scholarship of the value of twelve pounds, tenable for two years, shall be founded. That in order to keep up a spirit of emulation among the students, these scholarships shall be thrown open to competition, with this sole limitation,—that one scholarship in each year sh

be open to boys under twelve years of age, the other to boys above that age; the details of the examination to be left to the authorities of the School for the time being. That if the amount paid to the Trustees shall exceed the sum of eight hundred pounds, it shall form a fund to found a second prize of books, to be called 'The Newcastle Prize,' for the boy who shall stand next to the successful candidate for each scholarship."

(Signed)

R. R. DAVIES, ·  
V. FLEMING,  
R. DRY.

In accordance with the foregoing resolution, an election of two scholars will take place at the Hutchins School on Wednesday, February 1st.

JOHN R. BUCKLAND, HEAD MASTER.

We are indebted to a publication called "The Churchman's Almanac," (to be published annually,) for an account of the following Societies under the immediate direction of the Bishop of Tasmania.

*Hobart Town Branch Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Propagation of the Gospel.*—Patron—His Excellency Sir William Thomas Denison,



Knight. President—The Lord Bishop of Tasmania. Vice-President—The Archdeacon of Hobart Town. Treasurer — M. Evans, Esq. Secretary — Rev. D. Galer. The affairs of this Society are managed by a committee, consisting of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, all clergymen ministering within the Archdeaconry with the sanction of the Bishop, the lay representatives of district or parochial associations, and twelve laymen elected annually by the members from the general body. The committee meet on the first Tuesday in each month, in the Harrington-street school-room: five forming a quorum. The principal objects of the society are: 1, the building, furnishing, and repair or enlargement of churches and chapels; 2, the support of additional clergymen in populous or remote places; 3, the establishment and maintenance of church schools and their teachers; 4, the supply

and distribution of the books of the incorporated Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A depôt for the sale of books exclusively from the catalogue of the venerable English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is kept at Mr. W. Fletcher's Stationery and Berlin Depôt, 28, Elizabeth-street. Subscribers of £1 and upwards have the privilege of purchasing books at the parent society's reduced prices to members, with a penny in the shilling added towards defraying the expenses. To all others threepence in the shilling is charged. But to promote the circulation of the holy Scriptures, nothing extra is charged upon Bibles and New Testaments. Almost every church and school in this division of the diocese has received assistance from this useful society, which deserves to be better supported by the members of the Church of England. The following statistics of the two venerable societies, of which this is a

branch, are particularly interesting, and call for gratitude to Almighty God for His continued blessing upon these two handmaids of the Church of England. Issue of books, &c., by the Christian Knowledge Society from April 1851 to April 1852 :—Bibles, 143,482 ; New Testaments, 73,982 ; Common Prayer Books, 329,444 ; other bound books, 1,095,925 ; Tracts, 2,450,381 ; total, 4,093,214. Since the year 1733, when the society began to report its annual circulation of Bibles, Prayer Books, and Tracts, it has issued one hundred and six millions of publications. Since 1840 the society has voted £28,000 in aid of the endowment of Bishoprics in the Colonies. Within the same period £31,000 have been voted towards the establishment of Colleges and Collegiate Institutions in the Colonies. A further sum of £12,000 has recently been devoted by the society towards the erection of Cathedrals in the Colonies. Progressive extension

of the two Parent Societies :—Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, established 1699 : receipts from subscriptions and benefactions alone :—1749, first jubilee, £1200 9s. 6d.; 1799, second jubilee, £2136 5s. 6d.; 1849, third jubilee, £22,723 12s. 10d. Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, established 1701 :—1701, first year, £1537; 1751, first jubilee, £3719; 1801, second jubilee, £6457; 1851, third jubilee, £147,476.

*Launceston Branch Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Propagation of the Gospel.*—President—The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Tasmania. Vice-Presidents—Rev. A. C. Thomson, W. Archer, Esq., T. A. Eddie, Esq. Treasurer W. Henty, Esq. Clerical Secretary—Rev. G. B. Smith. Lay Secretary—W. Barrett, Esq. The affairs of the society are managed by a committee of clergymen and

laymen, meeting quarterly. The objects of the society are similar to those of the Hobart Town branch.

*The Ripon Missionary Fund.*—Trustees—The Lord Bishop of Tasmania, and the Archdeacons of Hobart Town and Launceston. This fund, which is purely local, had its origin in a donation of £5000 sent to this colony by the Bishop of Ripon, for the purpose of supplying “religious instruction to settlers in the bush.” The only condition imposed was, that an account be rendered annually to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This sum has been nearly doubled from other sources, and the interest alone is expended in carrying out the wishes of the original donor. The greater portion of the principal is lent on mortgage, and about £1000 has been expended in the purchase of landed endowments. In consequence of the present high

prices of the necessities of life, the income thus accruing is found inadequate to meet the increased demand on the fund. The continuance, therefore, of the additional allowance to those clergymen and catechists paid from this source must depend upon the contributions of the members of the Church of England in this diocese. Let those who profit by the present state of things not fail to remember how hard the times press upon those who have to proclaim to their fellow-men the unsearchable riches of Christ.

*Tasmanian Missionary Society.* — The Tasmanian Missionary Society was established on the 27th January, 1852, His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor being patron: the Right Reverend the Bishop of the diocese, president; and the Venerable the Archdeacons, vice-presidents; with a committee of management, consisting of the president and vice-presidents, all licensed

clergymen within the diocese, and a number of elected laymen: the said committee having power to add to their number, and to appoint their own secretary, treasurer, and auditors. The objects of the Tasmanian Missiouary Society are twofold: firstly, to co-operate, as far as possible, with the Provincial Board of Missions at Sydney in promoting "the conversion and civilization of the Australian aborigines, and the conversion and civilization of the heathen races in the islands of the Western Pacific;" secondly, to receive and forward any subscriptions given to particular missionary societies or special missionary objects, approved by the committee. The committee meet on the last Monday in January, April, July, and October; five forming a quorum.

JOHN DUNN, ESQ., TREASURER.

REV. F. H. COX, SECRETARY.

Appendix [B] contains a list of all the schools in connexion with the Church of England which come under Government aid and control. We must also refer the reader to Appendix [C] for a statistical account of the diocese of Tasmania, wherein every matter is particularized.

The Author has also been favoured with a short account of the *Roman Catholic Church* in Van Diemen's Land, by the courtesy of the Vicar-General:—In May, 1844, there were but three churches—Hobart Town, Launceston, and Richmond. In May, 1854, there are seven—Hobart Town, Launceston, Richmond, New Norfolk, Oatlands, Westbury, Emu Bay; and several others about to be erected. Divine service is also performed at stated times in Hamilton, Bothwell, Jerusalem, Brighton, Green Ponds, Ross, Campbell Town, Evandale, Longford, Deloraine, Sorell; and occasion-



ally at Circular Head, George Town, Perth, Avoca, Macquarie River, Great Swan Port, Spring Bay, Port Cygnet, and Franklin Settlement. In May, 1844, there were only three Catholic clergymen to attend to the colonial and convict duties. In 1854, there are one bishop and three clergymen paid by Government, and two paid by the people for the colonial duty—ten attached to the convict department in Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island. In 1844, the Catholic children were very much scattered about, and many received no education : now there are two large school-rooms in Hobart Town, one in Launceston, one in Richmond, and one in Westbury. These buildings were erected at the sole expense of the Catholic community. A large number of children also attend the other Government schools, but without any interference with their religious principles or practice. In 1848, a boarding-school for young ladies

was established in Hobart Town, in which there are at present thirty-two boarders and twelve day-boarders. This year a seminary for young gentlemen has been established, in which there are sixty boarders and twenty-three day scholars. There is a small community of Sisters of Charity, established in 1847, who devote their time to educating the poor children of Hobart Town; in visiting the sick in the hospitals and private houses, and the imprisoned in the gaol and houses of correction.

Dr. Lillie has placed at our disposal the following remarks upon the state of the *Scotch Church* in Tasmania:—The Presbytery includes ten ministers whose churches are distributed over the following localities; two in Hobart Town, one in Launceston, one at Evandale, one at Bothwell, one at Sorell, one at O'Brien's Bridge, one at Great Swan Port, and one at West Tamar.

Besides these churches, there are chapels and stations in other parts of the country, at which Divine service is performed by the neighbouring ministers or the missionaries employed by the Presbytery. The ordinary meetings of Presbytery take place once a year, on the first Wednesday of November, at Hobart Town and Launceston alternately. The ministers of the Presbytery receive exactly the same emoluments from the Government as ministers of the Church of England. Their Moderator is empowered by law to issue marriage licenses, and to give authority to the other members of Presbytery to do the same in their respective districts.

The Rev. Mr. Manton has obliged us with a statistical statement of the *Wesleyan Church* in Tasmania, by which we find it consists of twenty-three chapels, with six ordained ministers and twenty-two lay

preachers. The members or regular communicants amount to about seven hundred. The several congregations average four thousand. There are Sunday-schools established in various places throughout the island, at which there are in constant attendance upwards of one thousand children and about one hundred teachers. For some time there has been a very good day-school attached to the principal chapel in Hobarton, with an average attendance of one hundred scholars, and one of a similar description in Launceston with two hundred.

We have also been kindly furnished with memoranda relative to *Judaism* in the island, by Mr. J. Moss, the secretary for that community. From them we find that in the year 1828, Sir George Arthur, Bart., then Lieutenant-Governor, granted two acres of land to the Jews for a cemetery. On the 9th August, 1843, the foundation of

a synagogue was laid in Argyle-street, on a site presented to them by a member of their persuasion, built and endowed by voluntary subscriptions. Another synagogue was afterwards built in Launceston, and endowed in a similar manner. In regard to their religious affairs, the synagogue of Hobarton takes precedence of all the others in Australia; and recently, the Rev. Herman Hoelzel has been appointed as Presiding Rabbi over all the congregations in the south. Since his arrival a school for Hebrew has been founded and placed under his care. There are some forty to fifty families of Jews resident in Hobarton and its vicinity, who, by their own contributions, support entirely their synagogue and school. A charitable institution was founded in 1847, by Mr. Louis Nathan, now residing in London, for the relief of the poor; but it is gratifying to state that at present, there is not one person seeking pecuniary aid from it.

## CHAPTER XII.

" Knowledge of all avails the human kind,  
For all beyond the grave are joys of mind."

—Hogg.

" The allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,  
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.

• • • • •

There Science from her favour'd seat surveys  
The vale where rural nature claims her praise.

• • • • •

When learning nurtures the superior mind,  
What may we hope from genius thus refined."

—Byron.

IN our remarks upon the state in which we find the progress making in the arts and sciences in Tasmania and its capital, the *Royal Society* claims our particular notice, tending, as it does, not only to encourage science of every description and research, but also to disseminate a knowledge of the resources and produce of the island in other countries.

A detailed account of the latter, as sent to the Great Exhibition of 1851, has been kindly placed at our disposal by Dr. Milligan, the talented Secretary of the Society, with the prizes awarded, which must be an object of much interest to our readers. See Appendix [D]. The Royal Society was founded at a meeting held at Government House, on the 14th of October, 1843, His Excellency the Governor, Sir J. E. Eardley-Wilmot presiding. This meeting consisted of the members of the Tasmanian and Horticultural Societies, and of many gentlemen interested in the advance of science in the colony. A portion of the Government Garden in the Domain was assigned to the Society to form a Botanical Garden (already described), and an allowance of £400 a year from the public treasury. In September, 1844, His Excellency announced that Her Majesty had signified her consent to become Patroness to the

Society, ratifying and approving all the steps taken in its formation.

The leading objects of the Society are to develop the physical character of the island, and to illustrate its natural history and productions. The Society consists of a president, which post is invariably to be filled by the Lieutenant-Governor; a council of twelve, a treasurer, secretary, and an indefinite number of fellows. From the council, four are to be named by the Governor to act as vice-presidents. The president and council have the management of all the affairs of the Society. Elections are by ballot according to liberal rules established, and special general meetings of the whole Society are held whenever any matter of moment is to be discussed, all members voting alike. The number at present is upwards of three hundred, besides honorary and corresponding members. The Royal



Society seems to have taken a firmer footing and a wider basis than any similar institution established in the colony.

During the period of Sir John Franklin's administration, a society having the same object in view was established, Sir John being permanent president. This society comprised a few of the Government officers and a number of residents and non-residents eminent for scientific attainments and contributions to the natural history of the colony; it was temporarily endowed by Lady Franklin with a grant of four hundred acres of land, to aid and carry out its operations generally, but more especially to initiate a Museum which her Ladyship built on a classic model, in a secluded but picturesque valley at the foot of Mount Wellington, three miles from the city and a mile from New Town: the reversion of the property being understood to be

vested in any College or University which might be established by charter in connexion with the Church of England. We are uncertain whether the College at Bishopsbourne fulfils all the conditions ; but there is reason to believe that the Museum and the lands, &c. forming its endowments, have been handed over to the trustees for that college. The funds upon which the Tasmanian Society depended for its support, in a great measure, being thus withdrawn, and the Royal Society having been formed about the same time with similar objects, most of the members of the former joined the latter, under the impression that one strong society would more effectually accomplish its end than could be effected by two, having only the same amount of means at command, and double the amount of expenditure to defray.

The present building in Harrington-street,

occupied by the Society for its meetings and the formation of a Museum, is much too small for its increasing collections in natural history and liberal donations of curiosities, which are daily open to the public gratis for inspection, and are well worthy of a visit from the stranger.

We are glad to learn that the Government have acceded to the wish of the inhabitants of Fitzroy Crescent to transfer the open space of ground there for the purpose of building a suitable structure and the formation of Zoological Gardens, for which the ground (comprising some acres) is peculiarly adapted, having a constant rivulet of purest water meandering through the lower portion; the whole being capable, by the exercise of a little time and expenditure—which, it is to be hoped, the Society will gladly incur for that purpose—of being ren-

dered one of the prettiest and most pleasing promenades about Hobarton.

We next pass on to the *Public Hospitals* and the medical instruction afforded for the study of surgery and medicine ; upon which matters we place before our readers a memorandum kindly furnished by Dr. Hall, the resident professional and authorized Lecturer, &c. of Her Majesty's General Hospital :—This important establishment is situated on a very advantageous plot of ground, with a handsome frontage to Liverpool-street, the rear being bounded by the cliff of sandstone overhanging the Town Creek. It is divided into three distinct buildings :—1st, The Male Hospital — a handsome, cut - stone building two stories high, presenting one of the finest architectural ornaments of the town, in the centre of an ornamental shrubbery. It has eight large well-ventilated wards, holding twenty beds

each, with a good operating room and some smaller wards. At the rear it has two covered balconies running the whole length of the building, and commanding a beautiful view of the town, harbour, and adjacent country. Here, on wet days, the convalescent patients have ample room for exercise: on fine days they can extend their rambles amongst the flower beds and shrubs. It has only been built a few years. 2nd, The Female Hospital is the original building, two stories high, and is capable of accommodating about eighty patients. 3rd, The Infirmary is a commodious one-story building, where invalid females are treated; it has at present sixty inmates, but can accommodate considerably more. Many of the patients are upwards of seventy years of age, and one recently died aged 105. The outbuildings comprise the resident medical officer's, the matron's, and the superintendent's quarters, with ordnance

and drug stores, offices, dispensary, dead house, kitchens, laundry, &c. Patients of all classes are received, free people paying fees to the Government of five shillings a day, assigned servants one shilling a day, and the same for paupers paid for by the Colony. The medical staff consists of two military and two civil practitioners, one of the latter being the resident medical officer. By the annexed statistical return [E] of the establishment for 1853, the nature of the diseases most prevalent in this healthy climate will be easily seen, with the relative amount of mortality. But it must be borne in mind, that this being the principal hospital in the island, numbers of hopeless cases are sent here only to die. The whole number of patients that can be accommodated is about three hundred, and the arrangements are scarcely surpassed by any hospital with similar accommodations in Great Britain. As a field for acquiring medical knowledge,

- it possesses eminent advantages. The resident medical officer takes pupils on the same plan as the large Dublin hospitals. The opportunities for studying morbid anatomy cannot be equalled by any other hospital in the Southern Hemisphere. The establishment, on the whole, is a credit to the comparatively infant colony. Some of the most able and successful practitioners of Tasmania and Victoria were *élèves* of this institution. Ultimately, possessing, as it does, such ample means for expanding, it will doubtless become the medical college of the southern colonies. There is also in Hobart the public hospital of *St. Mary's*, and a *Lying-in Hospital*, under the supervision and attendance of medical gentlemen of much skill and practice.

Nor are the inhabitants of the good city without professors and masters in the more elegant study of music; for there are several

of no mean repute, and whose talents, judging from the multiplicity of their engagements, their frequent concerts and musical *soirées*, are not unappreciated by the Tasmanians. A glee club has been organized under the direction of Mr. Tapfield, organist of Trinity Church, which has met with considerable success, and is patronized by some of the principal families. The meetings of the club each alternate week, when members can introduce two or three friends, are of a very *récherche* and pleasing character. M. Del Sarte has also contributed much to the improvement of the musical taste, and his concerts are always crowded. The Mechanics' Institute, under the tuition of Messrs. Salier and Russell, have formed a class for music at a very reduced rate for its members, and moderate fees for all who wish to become pupils. Besides these gentlemen, there are others of no less taste and talents; and in



the person of Mr. Packer the city stands unrivalled in having so fine a vocalist and so skilful a pianist.

There are two Theatres in Hobarton; and the principal one, the Victoria, is constantly visited by stars of repute, who seldom fail to draw crowded houses.

Periodical horticultural exhibitions are held in the New Market, and prizes awarded of considerable value, which tend to create a very laudable emulation amongst the votaries of Flora and Ceres, and to improve the horticulture of the colony.

The Antipodes can also boast of many good draughtsmen and masters in painting, but none of more exquisite taste and elegance of style than the talented Bishop of Tasmania, the friend and patron of every thing tending to improve the colony. Yet

it is to be regretted that greater inducements are not held out to the artists who not unfrequently visit the island; and we do hope that, ere long, a Public Gallery may grace the city, and a School for Painting and Sculpture, which will give a stimulus to a taste and study that can hand down to posterity scenes and persons to be looked on with pride and exhibited with exultation.

The moral and intellectual growth of the colony is also greatly assisted by the "Fourth Estate." Indeed, the Press of Tasmania, with some slight exceptions, both for its moderation and the intellectual ability displayed in its original matter, affords a strong contrast to the generality of colonial newspapers, and bears a favourable comparison with its more immediate continental neighbours. This may be accounted for by the early infusion of a correct and sound literary taste, caused by a numerous influx of

educated and scientific gentlemen connected with the government, whose efforts for the moral and physical advancement of the colony, even from its very commencement, were greatly assisted by a succession of Governors of singular ability. As a proof of this, we may refer to the Royal Society, whose papers and proceedings bear ample evidence that the germ of a sound and healthy intellectual community has been planted in this remote colony, which may in time ripen into a "Modern Athens" in a Southern Hemisphere, and be the "*Resurgam*" of the whole Australasian group from that death-like intellectual lethargy, which, during the present scramble after Mammon, seems impending over it. For it may be asked, what will all this end in, if the counteracting influences necessary for the preservation of the better part of man be not sufficiently numerous and powerful to overcome evil with good? Or where should we

be more likely to find those influences exerted with greater ability than in a community like Tasmania, where such a high tone has been preserved during a long period of depressing circumstances? It is to be hoped that the conductors of the Press may preserve and increase their reputation for moderation and ability, and have a careful fear lest they should compromise their position by descending to personalities or party warfare, destructive alike to private happiness and public prosperity.

The wants of every section of the community—religious, political, or social—are supplied by the newspapers of Hobarton and Launceston; for, besides the sheets devoted to the general topics of the day, there are some which advocate the claims of controversial sections of the community, and others which proclaim temperance as the panacea for every social evil.

In Hobarton, there are no less than seven newspapers, as well as publications of humbler pretensions, two being published daily, and the remainder at more or less frequent intervals during the week ; and in Launceston, besides two bi-weekly papers, ably conducted, there are several minor productions which need not here be particularised.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh! bright occasion of dispensing good,  
How seldom used, how little understood!  
To nurse with care the thriving Arts;  
Watch ev'ry beam Philosophy imparts.

• • • • •  
Freedom has a thousand charms to show,  
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.  
The mind attains beneath her happy reign,  
The growth that Nature meant she should attain.  
The varied fields of science, ever new,  
Opening and wider opening on her view,  
She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,  
While no base fear impedes her in her course.

—*Cowper.*

Our limits will not permit us to give an enlarged statement of the different institutions and societies of the colony; and yet there are many that would demand some notice from us, speaking, as they do, of the rise and progress of the Arts and Sciences in Tasmania. Dr. Lillie has fur-

nished us with the following statement of the *Mechanics' Institute*, which we gladly insert as received from him. This Institute is one of the oldest in the colony ; and, by its steady progress and its present high state of prosperity, has given the best proof of its adaptation to the wants and circumstances of the community. Its officers consist of Patron, Vice-patron, President, and Committee of Management. It now contains upwards of four hundred members. Its funds are principally derived from the subscriptions of its members and an annual grant of £150 from the Government, on the condition that at least an equal sum shall have been obtained from its own resources.

The Institute contains a lecture-hall, library, reading-room, laboratory, committee-room, &c. A course of lectures, delivered weekly, is given during the winter season every

year, to the extent of about twenty lectures. Occasionally paid lecturers have been engaged, but in general the lectures are gratuitous. The subjects of the lectures are for the most part scientific and literary, but chiefly the former; embracing different branches of Mechanics and Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Physiology, &c. The lectures are well attended. The library contains about 2200 volumes. During the year 1852, the number of volumes lent from the library was 5925. Last year this number was increased to 8952: an important fact, as showing a growing taste on the part of the public for reading. The reading-room contains, besides newspapers, all the leading English literary and scientific journals, besides a great variety of dictionaries and books of reference. According to last year's report, "the attendance in the reading-room has increased to so great an extent, that it has



been with some difficulty all the visitors have been accommodated."

The Institution possesses a valuable collection of Philosophical Apparatus for illustrating the various departments of Mechanics, Chemistry, &c., including a complete oxygen-hydrogen microscope. Besides the lectures, there are also weekly classes for Music and Drawing.

The following extract from the Report of the Committee will show the flourishing condition of the Institution. "The Committee are highly gratified by finding that the financial condition of the Institution is not only better than at the close of last year, but will bear to be compared with former years. Twelve years ago, the Mechanics' Institute was encumbered by a debt of £70. There was then no paid librarian or curator, and the number of

books in the library did not much exceed five hundred. Since that period, above £200 have been expended in apparatus and chemicals; £600 have been laid out in building and alterations; the number of books in the library has been nearly quadrupled; and for several years, there has been an annual outlay for the salary of the librarian and curator. And now, after many struggles in past years, the Institution is entirely free from debt. The debt reported at the last anniversary has been paid, and there now remains a surplus in hand of £15 0s. 1d." For the year ending January last, the report is equally gratifying. The annual income of the Institution, from all sources, amounted at that date to £753 9s. 5d.; its expenditure to £599 2s. 4d.; leaving a balance in favour of the Institute of £154 7s. 1d.

The *High School* of Hobarton is situated,

as remarked in a former chapter, in the Domain, and is justly considered one of the prettiest buildings in or about the capital. It was originated by a Company, and established with a capital of £5000 in £25 shares. This institution has for its immediate object the instruction of youth in the various branchss of learning, as taught in the superior mathematical and classical schools in England, its ultimate object being the extension of its organization concurrently with the growing wants of the community; and it aims more particularly to obtain for itself the privileges of a chartered corporation, so as to confer on the Tasmanian youth all the advantages derived at any of the European universities. It has been long felt by the friends of education in Tasmania that an establishment conducted on liberal principles, and free from all sectarian influences, was much required to meet the demand of the

rising population, not only of this, but of the neighbouring colonies,—one which would eventually rank amongst the best universities of the Mother Country,—where youths of every denomination might obtain degrees fitting them for every profession. It was also considered that the beautiful climate of the colony would be a further inducement for parents to send their children here, having a university of such repute as it is confidently expected the High School will become, and having all the advantages attainable in Europe, whither many children are annually sent from India and Australia. Altogether in Tasmania there are, in addition to the public ones enumerated, one hundred private schools, at which are being educated upwards of 3,000 children.

The next Society that comes under our notice is the *Midland Agricultural Association*, established in the year 1838, for the

improvement of stock, agriculture, and rural economy in general. There are three fixed meetings in the year: one at Campbell Town in January, for electing a committee of management; another at Ross in July, to appoint judges for the show meeting, which takes place at Campbell Town in October. Subscription to this Society, £2 per annum.

We have already, in a previous chapter, in speaking of the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, alluded to its embracing horticulture as one of its leading objects. In addition to this, we cannot pass without a review of the *Launceston Horticultural Society* for the introduction and climatizing of plants for England and other countries, for experimental research; also as a recreation to the colonist, and encouraging a taste and love of gardening; and lastly, a station, where the most valuable and

ornamental plants might be collected and distributed throughout the country. Subscription, half-a-guinea per annum; Government grant, £100 per annum.

In Launceston there is a club, styled the United Service Club, composed of Her Majesty's Officers of the Army and Navy resident on the northern side of the island; but all Officers are eligible who hold or have held commissions in either of the services. There are many honorary members. The mode of election is by ballot, and the club is supported by an annual subscription.

In the year 1839 was formed the Licensed Victuallers' Society, the objects of which are to protect and aid its members, and promote the general interests of the trade.

At Hobarton, a Mercantile Assistants'

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Association was originated in the year 1847, for the mutual instruction of the members in the various branches of literature, science, and general useful knowledge. Subscription, ten shillings per annum.

St. Patrick's Benefit Society was instituted at Launceston in 1848, for the purpose of raising a fund to secure for its members, in case of sickness, pecuniary weekly allowance and medical aid; and in case of death, a certain sum to the family, to defray general expenses.

A Launceston Printers' Benefit Society was also instituted for a similar purpose in 1849. Our space will not permit us to dwell upon the many other societies established among us—such as Masonic, Odd Fellows, Rechabite, and Total Abstinence Societies, &c., &c.

There are several public libraries, reading-rooms, circulating libraries; six insurance companies in Hobarton, and five in Launceston; three savings banks, and six regular banking establishments, with branches in Launceston and Australia. There is also the Australian Smelting Company, the Launceston Ship-building and Shipping Company, the Douglas River Coal Company, the Mersey Coal Company, the Tasmanian Building Association, the Tasmanian Navigation Company; and, lastly, now in their infancy, the Hobarton and Sydney Navigation Company and the Launceston and Circular Head Steam Navigation Company.

By an Act of Parliament in the year 1825, incorporated by Royal Charter, was established the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company, with a capital of £100,000 in 10,000 shares. To this Company was



granted 350,000 acres of land under certain stipulations, which, we regret to say, have not been fully carried out. The territories of the Company are situated in the following places in the north-west quarter of the island, comprising 150,000 acres at Woolnorth, 20,000 acres at Circular Head and the coast adjoining, 60,000 acres at Emu Bay and Hampshire Hills, 10,000 acres at Middlesex Plains, 150,000 acres at the Surrey Hills, and 10,000 acres estimated quantity of good land in Trefoil, Walker's, and Robin's Island. In our descriptive tour to Circular Head we will treat more at large of the stations of the Company.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Where shall that land, that spot be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot? Look around!  
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.  
Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;  
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—*Montgomery.*

THERE is, perhaps, no greater difficulty for an Author to overcome, than that of avoiding offence when constrained to make remarks on a community. And yet, ungracious as the task is, it must be performed. In Hobarton, as in most other places in the world, having a considerable population, society is composed of several sets, and these sets here, as elsewhere, run into each other—forming, as it were, distinct circles, all,

however, contributing to form one harmonious social system. And yet there is no absolute line of demarcation except between the extremes ; the highest and the lowest, the educated and the ignorant. There is no aristocracy of birth, and but little affectation of exclusiveness ; no aristocracy of talent ; nor can there be an aristocracy of wealth, where the working man, favoured by a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, may vindicate his claim to the first position : and the small tendency that does exist towards exclusiveness affects but few except the individuals who cultivate and encourage it. Society, then, in Hobarton, is in a state of transition, and the principal part of the community are those whose aim is peace and goodwill ; who, indifferent to the patronage of the exclusive, and despising the tale-bearer, live contented and happy in their families, and endeavour to make all around participate in their happiness, using the world but

not abusing it, mixing in the society of their compatriots with kind and friendly feelings. Viewing all things on the brighter side, they strive to make their city a pleasing resting-place for the visitor, a happy home for the stranger. And while words fail to extol as they deserve, these the bright gems of Tasmanian society, we cannot censure too severely those who do not follow in their path, who allow petty jealousies and differences of rank and station, of politics, and, alas! also, of religion, to interfere with their better feelings. Yet as the great majority are of a nobler spirit, these differences and disputes, and the disunion they engender, will soon vanish. It is most pleasing, in making these observations, to see a more amicable feeling gaining ground; and, in looking over the annals of the past years, to perceive how society has advanced, and how little is seen or known of that which many a writer prognosticated,

that its tone would be deteriorated by the accumulation of the freed convict. We see, however, that the case is far otherwise, and that no such evil has arisen; for, in whatever point of view we take the community at large, we cannot fail to perceive a high tone of morality and virtue: and it seems to have been overlooked in their speculations that the first act of every freed man would be to hasten from the colony, where the associations are almost exclusively of his evil deeds and punishment. From the returns we find that as those depart the free immigrant arrives.

Colonial society in general differs in its characteristics from the society met with in the old countries. New communities, made up of the most ardent and adventurous spirits of the land from whence they emigrate, shoot a-head of the mere convention-

alities of life, engage from morning till night and day after day in the actual concerns of worldly existence. They are an ever active, bustling set in matters of business; and in social intercourse have a certain freedom and heartiness of manner which evince a more pleasing feature than the straight-laced ideas and trammels of the Old Country. Society in Hobarton and Tasmania generally has, from the very commencement of the colony, possessed, with some drawbacks, many great advantages. Originally a penal settlement, the principal inhabitants long continued to be exclusively officers of government; and when free immigration was allowed, the majority of those who availed themselves of the privilege were retired officers from the army and navy, with a few capitalists, and a sprinkling of the mercantile classes from Leeds, Liverpool, and London, who thereby secured to themselves

broad acres in freehold of the richest land in the finest climate of the world. It thus happened that the colony being formed of men who had held authority in their former positions in life, or high places in society, they felt it a duty incumbent on them to maintain over their own actions and behaviour an elevated tone, so as to avoid even the appearance of an evil spoken of—as Lord Stanley avowed in the House—as likely to accrue from the cause alluded to above. The presence also of a highly educated class, from the earliest period of the colony, contributed to this effect ; and there can be no question, that, in addition to her beautiful climate and picturesque scenery, Tasmania can boast of as agreeable and cultivated society as can be found in the Southern Hemisphere.

We cannot conclude our remarks without a closing line of veneration and esteem for

one class amongst us, whose good deeds are unknown to most, though no less abundant—whose sole aim in life seems to be philanthropy and goodness of heart—who, with little at their disposal, freely give of that little—who labour constantly and untiringly in the field of humanity—who comfort the distressed, and heal the broken-hearted by visits of kindness and love—who teach our youth and bend their young minds in the way of truth : and though they labour on in that unostentatious charity that alloweth not the right hand to know what the left hand doeth, still their reward is with them ; and the smile of the fatherless and the widow, of the formerly destitute and needy—now happy under their care—repays them more than all the world could give.

Taking, therefore the society of Hobarton in all its lights and shades, whilst we see



somewhat to condemn, we see much to admire. The Anglo-Saxon is everywhere an enterprising and an improving race. We have amongst us the germ of virtue and truth. A spirit of great emulation is now rife amongst us. Our merchants assume a place in Europe, not dreamt of before ; goodly ships daily visit our ports ; our land fast increases in value ; the industrious and sober earn much more than a competence ; and, within the last year, a new life has been given to trade of every kind. Still it is the imperative duty of every member of our society to labour in the great work for its advancement ; and, proud as they well may be of their adopted country, still assist each other in the endeavour to make all contented and happy : being assured, that to accomplish this end, we have only our own hearts to rule—the principle being the all-enduring, never failing one of charity and peace.

## CHAPTER XV.

" Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way and long, long league to trace,  
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life that bloated Ease can never share !  
More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend ;  
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed,  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end."

—*Byron*,

IN order to change our subject, and not to impose too much on the patience of our readers, we returned from our tour to Marlborough to say somewhat of the Capital. We must now conduct him back to that district ; and again indebted to a friend who formed one of an expedition to discover the river Gordon and its rise, we copy from his notes, and in his own words give an account of the trip, feeling assured

that they bear a truthfulness and simplicity of style certain to please the most captious reader, and incapable of any improvement from us.

Having obtained the necessary supplies of bacon and biscuit, tea and sugar, tomahawks, and other indispensables for a bush expedition, I left town on the 16th of November, with my man Bullock, a pensioner from the 96th, who accompanied me at his own particular request, thinking I was not able to take care of myself, and proceeded as far as Hamilton, where I was joined by Mr. C. Forster on the 18th. On the following day we went on to the house of Mr. Gellibrand (son of a former Attorney-General who was lost in the bush at Port Phillip) on the Dee. Here we were most hospitably entertained; and early next morning, we bade adieu to our kind friends, put our packs on Forster's old Arab "Mameluke," and

walked by his side as far as a place called China, where a girl of fifteen ferried us across the Derwent, (the men being engaged in shearing, and the colonial fair ones being accustomed to such manly exercises), and shewed us the way to her father's hut, where we made an excellent leg of mutton look particularly foolish, and prepared the packs for carrying on our own backs instead of that of the old horse, whose services were dispensed with as it was impossible to take him further. A little girl about seven years old guided us as far as the Broad River, where she left us. We crossed this near where it enters the Derwent, and after enjoying a delicious bath in its cool water, found our way to the Regula, a smaller stream, which also runs into the Derwent, and on which a log hut had been erected as a *depôt* of stores for the service of a party of surveyors.

The only store we could discover was a quantity of yellow soap. The storekeeper, a stout healthy-looking bushman, insisted on our taking up our quarters at his hut for the night, offering his services to set us on the marked-tree track the next morning, and then, without further delay, put a "damper" to bake for our future provision on the road.

We were nothing loth to rid ourselves of our packs, to which we were not yet accustomed—they were soon off. I adjourned to the stream with a fishing-line, and in about an hour captured enough of the finny tribe to make an excellent supper. We tried to shoot an opossum; but the night was too dark, and we were unsuccessful. It being very warm, we preferred the bush air to the smoke and shelter of the hut, and laying our rugs on

the ground, slept soundly until day-break the following morning.

21st November. Our host's "damper" and our bacon afforded an excellent breakfast; and before sunrise, our packs were on our backs and we were off. I must now describe the contents of our packs. Each man had his rug, generally of opossum skins, which are preferable from their warmth, though Forster's—which was of wallaby—proved far more effectual in keeping out the rain. In my own rug was rolled twenty pounds of smoked beef, ten pounds of bacon, some few articles of clothing, and other necessaries. Forster carried a damper weighing ten pounds, and more bacon, &c.; Bullock twenty pounds of biscuit, tea, sugar, and fryingpan. We had a half-gallon tin pot for boiling tea; and each man had his pannican. These, with my little gun, a supply of powder and

shot, and two tomahawks, completed our outfit. Our dress consisted of a blue serge shirt buckled round the waist, long gaiters, and the thickest boots that could be made. My servant Bullock, having carried a knapsack for some five-and-twenty years, was, of course, expected to be most lively under his burden; but, as was remarked to me afterwards by a shepherd who had been an old sailor, he had always been accustomed to "plane sailing" and had never learnt "traverse sailing," as he called forcing one's way through the scrub. I remarked that Mr. Bullock lagged behind very much, and sometimes he was quite out of sight, and we had to wait for him. It struck me that if he went on to the really difficult parts and was knocked up, we should be obliged to stop too; and probably find great difficulty in getting him safe home. After volunteering, as he did, to accompany us, he was, of course, unwilling to go back.

so soon ; but, after another trial, we found that he was not equal to the work, and we persuaded him to take off his pack and return with our guide to the Repulse. Forster and I now made a new arrangement of our knapsacks, taking biscuit from Bullock's and relieving our own of a large proportion of bacon and other commissariat stores. We then wished "good bye" to our guide and our deserter, and proceeded alone on our journey. I forgot to say that we had an old dog with us, which had been lent me at Hamilton, to supply us with kangaroos, but which we afterwards regretted we had brought, for he ate our beef and bacon, and killed nothing. The day was very hot, and for some time we suffered greatly from thirst. On coming to a water hole, I was imprudent enough to drink a large quantity of water and then tea, which made me so ill, that we could not continue our walk for about two hours. In the evening, we en-



camped on a little green spot by the side of a stream, where there was a little bark hut, made, I suppose, by the party who marked the trees some weeks ago. The chief difficulty in our walk consisted in getting over fallen trees, whose diameter was sometimes greater than my own height ; or, worse still, having to crawl under them, which, with our packs on our backs, was no easy matter. This sort of walking continued throughout the marked-tree track ; and I think I may say without exaggeration, that in some parts, for miles together, there was an obstacle of this sort every ten yards. We spread our rugs on the grass by the side of the stream, and were just going to sleep, when it began to rain, which induced us to shift our positions to the shelter of the little hut, which happened to be at hand. The architecture of our abode, however picturesque, was not of a style which afforded any great degree of comfort ; but it

certainly kept some of the rain from us, and we passed the night tolerably well.

Friday, 22nd November. It rained all day, and we had a most disagreeable march. At one place we stopped to make a fire and a pot of tea; but after using a whole box of matches, we were obliged to give it up. In the middle of the day, we were more successful; and during a short interval of fine weather, managed to dry some of our things. We encamped this evening on the banks of the Florentine, a deep sluggish stream, about sixty feet wide. I was so fatigued by the day's walk that I could not eat, but slept the greater part of the night, although it rained hard, and I was wet through. Poor Forster, who was not so fatigued, could not sleep at all. We had very great difficulty in lighting our fire: we collected dry twigs, and bark from under fallen or out of hollow trees, cut

chips with our tomahawks from the hearts of dead saplings, and even then, were sometimes an hour before we could get a blaze to warm us. We were very much annoyed by leeches; in a day we might collect enough to stock an apothecary's shop. They attacked the dog as well as ourselves.

Saturday, 23rd. Still raining, and we had to pack our wet things in our wet rugs, and proceed on our journey with ardour as much damped as any thing else. The rain soaked into the skins and fur of the rugs, and increased their weight very much. We had expected to reach the Gordon to-day, but Forster felt the want of his night's rest so much that we were obliged to stop earlier than usual, at a place where there were marks of a former encampment, and from which we expected to have a gentle stroll the next morning to the river, and spend the rest of our Sunday quietly on its banks.

Sunday, 24th. After another cold wet night, in which my rug proved its utter incapacity to keep out the rain, we packed up and started. To-day's walk turned out, after all, to be by far the most fatiguing we had had,—over logs and under logs, and falling every now and then from the slippery bridges that they form in wet weather. We passed through a forest of fern trees, varying in height from ten to thirty feet; then up a hill so steep, that the trees which grew on it, seemed to be climbing up themselves, and holding on for support by their upper branches instead of their roots. The foliage of some of these trees—the sassafras, the myrtle, and the native laurel—is very beautiful. The waratah grows here, too, in great perfection. It has a flower not unlike the honeysuckle in shape, but in thicker clusters, and of a deep red colour, and with a leaf like that of the rhododendron. After descending the hill on the

other side we at last emerged into the long-looked-for open country, but saw no river Gordon winding at our feet, as we had expected. A large extent of marsh, covered with long, coarse, tufted grass lay before us, occasionally diversified by patches of yellow scrub. Here, there being no trees to mark, (the marked-tree track being at an end,) we had to make our way as best we could to the Gordon. At first we went wrong; and after forcing our way through a mass of detestable yellow scrub, growing higher than our heads, which we fancied led us in the direction which had been described to us, we held a council of war, and determined to retrace our steps. The next time we made a better hit, and, after remounting a scrubby hill, discovered a belt of small gum trees winding through the valley. This, we had no doubt, marked the course of the river. To reach it we had to walk over some miles of heavy

marsh, but at last accomplished our task. We found that we were right in our anticipations of finding the river among the gum trees, and encamped a little before sunset on the banks of the Gordon, here about 150 feet broad, apparently deep, and very rapid.

Monday, 25th. A fine hot day. We swam the river; and I ascended a bleak, rugged mountain, whose blocks of granite, glancing in the evening sun, had given us the idea, as we approached it the preceding evening, that it was a mountain covered with snow. From this, however, I found that it was entirely free; and that it was only towards evening, when the sun's rays struck obliquely on the sparkling rock, that it presented this singular effect. The sides of the mountain between the rocks were covered with epacris and small flowering shrubs.

On Tuesday, Forster ascended the same mountain, and collected specimens of the rocks and of the flowers. Some of them we attempted to preserve; but in the discomfort which we suffered afterwards, most of them were forgotten or thrown aside. From the summit of this mountain we had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. We discovered a curious natural arch, formed by an immense block of granite. The hills to the westward were covered with huge boulders of rock, grouped in all sorts of fantastic shapes,—one group bore a striking resemblance to the keep of Dover Castle;—and some of them apparently balanced on a point. Forster employed himself on Monday in setting fire to the scrub and long grass of the marshes, which a few hours' sun seemed to have thoroughly dried, and in the evening the whole country was in a blaze for miles round. We pro-

tected our own camp from surprise by burning a space all round it. Here we saw four very fine kangaroos, but could not get near enough to them to have a chance with either dog or gun.

Wednesday, 27th. Last night it rained again, and we passed a wretched night. It was still raining in the morning; but we crossed the river by a ford that Forster had discovered, and proceeded some ten miles up the right or west bank of the river. The grass and scrub having been burnt on this side, the walking was much better. We had some difficulty in crossing streams, tributaries of the Gordon, which were all much swollen from the rains. Another cold wet night. We had greater difficulty than ever in making a fire; but Forster's perseverance at last succeeded.

Thursday, 28th. A fine morning, but



rain came on in the afternoon. We walked nearly as far as what is marked in Frankland's chart, the head of the Gordon; but instead of running north and south, as in the chart, it comes up from the south-west, rising, I should think, near the Frenchman's Cap. Our plan being to make our way to Marlborough by Lake St. Clair, we wished to keep a due northerly course; but the river was so much swollen that we saw no way of crossing it, and continued to follow it upwards in order to go round its source. In the evening it rained in torrents; but after repeated attempts and discomfitures, we contrived to light a fire in a hollow tree, and thence to convey it to a convenient encampment. I forgot to remark, that during our walk through the marked-tree track, we observed a quantity of fallen timber in different stages of petrification. In fact, wherever a tree had fallen in a damp situation, it showed some signs of it,

sometimes presenting, when broken, a milky white glutinous appearance, which in others had become hardened to a sort of flint. I regret that we did not bring specimens; but, in the wet, disagreeable weather that we had, our love of science was swallowed up in love of self, and we grudged every additional ounce that was added to our wet heavy packs.—This reminds me of an anecdote I heard of a man, who attended Dr. Milligan, the secretary to the Royal Tasmanian Society, in one of his expeditions, and whose duty it was to carry the Doctor's knapsack. Packs in general decrease in weight according to the consumption of beef and bacon; but this man found to his surprise that, whenever the Doctor returned his pack, after having made up its contents, it was heavier than before. One day, having ascended a steep mountain, Dr. Milligan requested the man to collect specimens of the rock "basalt" on its

summit. This he positively refused to do, declaring that he could get plenty of "bay salt" down on the sea coast, without going up steep mountains for it.—During the first part of our walk, I remarked small boulders of what I considered to be iron-stone, in the neighbourhood of the Florentine. These were succeeded by fragments of white stone with blue veins, resembling marble; and about the Gordon I found pieces of granite, some a coarse conglomerate, and others fine, and of a pink colour. The rock on the mountain that we ascended on the other side of the Gordon was composed entirely of slabs of granite, lying nearly parallel to the face of the hill, which was very steep. The base of this mountain, as well as the sides of the hills rising from either side of the Gordon, were quite honeycombed with round cells, which appeared to be the abode of fresh-water lobsters. We caught and boiled one, about the size of a prawn, and

liked it so well, that at one time we formed a project of an extensive attack on their habitations.

Friday, 29th. A fine morning; but the river so much swollen, that we saw no prospect of being able to cross it. We walked some miles further up, trying everywhere for fords, but found none practicable. At last, having held a consultation and examined the state of our commissariat, we determined to cross it in the following manner. I was to swim across with a line formed of all our straps and handkerchiefs tied together, and fastened at the other end to our packs, joined together with cord, and carrying my gun on the top. Forster was to remain behind, and steer them across. The packs had already proved their floating capacities; for yesterday, in crossing a stream by a fallen tree, mine, which I had taken off and was pushing before me, fell

into the water, but swam like a duck, and was caught lower down. We effected our project, and found ourselves on the other side with our rugs and what little remained of our provisions. In the passage, however, we lost two valuable articles,—our powder, and one of Forster's gaiters, both of which, with some heavier articles, he had thrown across to lighten the raft. They cleared the river, but fell into a water-hole on the other side: the powder was lost at once, but the gaiter floated until we tried to regain it with a long stick. It sunk directly it was touched. I also lost about a pound of bacon—all that remained—from not strapping my pack properly. The powder was an irreparable loss, because, although we did not expect to see game, we might have shot parrots and cockatoos, for our provisions were getting very short. The success of our plan of crossing the river cheered our spirits, and we walked briskly up a bare

hill, expecting to see from its summit a clear way before us to the northward. We were, however, disappointed : nothing was to be seen but hill after hill, covered with the dense scrub which we knew it was almost impossible to penetrate. We descended again to the valley—went up another hill lower down the river—saw the same prospect before us—again descended, and encamped by the side of the river, thoroughly disheartened, and wishing we had never heard of the “new country.” To return by the same way we had come appeared now to be our only course : but here again we were in a dilemma ; for the left bank, on which we now were, was almost impracticable, owing to the thickness of the scrub ; and if we crossed the river here, and walked down the same way that we had come up, we should not be able to re-cross it lower down, opposite our former encampment, unless the water should subside very con-

siderably in the mean time. We now examined our stock of provisions. There were seven biscuits left, and about four pounds of salt beef. We took each a little morsel of beef, without biscuit, for supper, and managed to make a fire : but sleep was out of the question ; for it rained in torrents. We sat or stood by the fire all night, with the rain running out of the sleeves of our coats.

Saturday, 30th. The river rose so much during the night that our encampment, which had been so high above it on the previous evening that it was with difficulty we could reach from the banks to get water, was now gradually becoming an island. All thoughts of crossing the river was now at an end, and we had to think of some other way of getting back. At sunrise the weather became clear, and we went up another hill to take fresh observations. From this

point we were gratified by seeing a line of marshes stretching northward, with comparatively short intervals of scrub; and in this line we determined to make an attempt to extricate ourselves from our cage. We returned to our insulated camp—partook of a particularly light breakfast, (each took possession of one buiscuit, which was to last the whole day,)—gave the dog a bit of beef—shouldered our packs, and trudged off. After walking a few miles nearly due north, we came to a surveyor's encampment, which appeared to have been occupied not more than ten days ago. We kept the same direction about two miles further, and then inclined to the eastward, hoping to avoid a thickly wooded hill which stood before us; but we only became entangled in another far worse bit of scrub, in which we had great difficulty in getting along, narrowly escaping breaking our bones every five minutes, but never stopping to inquire of



each other whether we were hurt. It was too serious a business to allow time for speaking, and we thought of nothing but how to get on. The compass was of great use to us here ; and, with its aid, we at last, after about five miles of this scrambling, managed to extricate ourselves ; and, at the top of a steep hill that we had ascended, we were greeted with the cheering sight of an immense extent of marsh lying before us as far as the eye could reach. While getting through the scrub, Forster nearly trod on a large black snake ; but we were not able to kill the villain. We continued our walk northward along these marshes until the sun got low, and then encamped among a grove of high gum-trees, which we hoped would afford some shelter from the cold wind and rain, and sometimes hail, which came down in torrents. We had more than our usual difficulty in lighting a fire to-night, but Forster's perseverance gained the day.

We made our camp inside a hollow tree, with the fire outside. Forster made a sort of bed for himself, like a coffin, with sheets of bark, and managed to sleep pretty well; but, for my own part, I preferred standing outside by the fire, although I had no sleep the night before.

Sunday, 1st December. Daybreak was welcomed by me most heartily. I made some tea, pulled Forster out of his coffin, and soon after sunrise we had packed up and were off. The weather cleared up, and we managed to dry most of our things before starting. About two miles further on we crossed a stream, which we flattered ourselves was the Guelph, but which we were afterwards told could only be another branch of the Gordon. About eight miles further we crossed the real Guelph, and found ourselves on a sheep-run. We now began to look about for shepherds' huts;

and a few miles beyond we discovered one, but deserted, the shepherd having gone down to Hamilton with his sheep for shearing. The wool has to be taken down on the sheep's backs, because, as yet, there are no roads to those distant sheep-runs. Sometimes many hundreds are lost on the way. In this hut we found a bag marked "T. F." containing flour; but Forster was so confident of finding another hut, better supplied, if not inhabited, before night, that we did not take any. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," thought I, and left it most unwillingly. We could now clearly distinguish all the mountains about Lake St. Clair, and shortly afterwards obtained a view of the lake itself, with the river flowing out of it. We knew that a bridge had been lately thrown across for the passage of sheep, and our only anxiety now was to reach the river near that point. We walked the whole of this day, from shortly after sunrise till

sunset, without stopping for more than five minutes at a time ; and at last we encamped near the banks of the Derwent, thoroughly knocked up, and not a little disappointed, at having found neither the bridge nor a hut to sleep in. Forster had hurt his knee, and I my ankle, in yesterday's scramble ; and to-day's walk had made them worse, although we did not feel it much until we stopped. We had now left the country of our enemies the leeches. One night, on the banks of the Gordon, I pulled one out of my ear.

Monday, 2nd. The night was fine, and we enjoyed a good rest. I awoke, however, before daybreak, very cold ; I found my boots and the ground covered with a white frost. I soon made a good fire, and drove the frost from our camp ; and then, having boiled water, and made tea, I contrived with some difficulty to arouse Forster, who slept

soundly. The sun rose brightly, and everything looked so cheerful that our spirits rose too; and although suffering from our wounds, and as stiff as hard-worked coach-horses, we managed to bend our legs by degrees, and, after finishing our last biscuit, made up our packs, and soon found our way to the river's bank. We walked about two miles down the stream, following sheep and cart tracks, which we imagined must lead to the bridge; but seeing no signs of it in that direction, we retraced our steps, and after walking some miles up the stream, at length discovered the object of our search. We knew that we were now only twenty miles from Marlborough, and with a track all the way; but we were both very lame, and got on, but slowly. About three miles beyond the bridge we lost the track, but at last succeeded in finding it again. The day was very hot; and Forster's knee and my ankle were both so bad,

that we began to doubt whether we should get to Marlborough that night. We had no biscuit ; the sugar had been out some days ; and the tea had been so soaked by rain that there was very little strength in it. Still, we had enough salt beef left to last us another day ; and, if the worst came to the worst, we had the dog (poor fellow ! he had not much flesh upon him), and an untanned opossum rug—an article of food frequently made use of by thorough bushmen. But we were soon relieved from all such culinary cares ; for, while sitting down on a fallen log, what should we see coming across the marsh but a man—yes, a living man, with a pack on his back !—the first human being we had seen since we took leave of Bullock and the storekeeper at the Regula. We immediately set up a loud “cooe,” and gave chase. The man proved to be a shepherd on his way to some distant sheep-runs.

His pack was soon undone ; and the nicest piece of white bread and a pat of fresh butter, rolled in a show-white cloth, produced. What became of the bread and butter, I need not say. When it was finished, our kind friend, who said he was as glad "as fifty pound" that he had met us, took us to a neighbouring hut ; and there we stayed all day, feasting on the fat of the land. There, too, we slept that night ; for after once stopping, we were too stiff to move.

Tuesday, 3rd. Forster's knee was so much better that he was able to walk to Marlborough. My ankle was worse, instead of better, and so much swollen that I found walking quite out of the question. Our host, the hutkeeper, served as a guide to Forster, and brought me back a horse, the property of the police magistrate, or rather constable (for he is nothing more), the sole

inhabitant of the township of Marlborough.

I was at a loss how to show some substantial token of gratitude to our host ; for my rug, the fryingpan, and the greater part of our kit, had been given to Ben, the man who found us, and brought us to the hut. At last, I thought of a small compass, which seemed to please him ; but it had got so rusty from the damp, that, in spite of my endeavours to polish it, I fear it will be more likely to mislead than to be of use to him. I was not long in reaching Marlborough ; for, although the country is very rough and covered with sharp rocks, the horses bred in this part are so active and so well accustomed to it that you may ride at full gallop with very little more danger of a summersault than with an English horse over an English park. At any rate, my guide was in a hurry, and I was obliged to follow at his pace. We were nearly bogged cross-



ing some streams, but managed to extricate ourselves by desperate exertions on the part of the horses.' My new host, Mr. Lascelles, the constable, was away driving a team of bullocks with provisions for a surveying party in the neighbourhood. Forster went off early the next morning, and I was left to take care of myself, without a soul to speak to. Mr. Lascelles' library was not very extensive ; the only books I could find being " Handy Andy " and Sir John Franklin's " Expeditions in North America." Not being able to move from the sofa, (there *was* a sofa, though I cannot think how it ever got there,) I amused myself with reading the latter, thinking the subject rather appropriate, but found it rather dry amusement after all, for it was a bare journal, written in a most uninteresting style.

Thursday, 5th. Mr. Lascelles came in

about noon, and released me from my solitary confinement. He is a son of a late colonial secretary, and of good family. Although a functionary of the common law, he exercises a sort of martial law of his own, which, if not strictly regular, has the effect of keeping this district in good order; and his services are so much esteemed by those who have been in the neighbourhood, that they have subscribed a considerable sum annually to keep him from accepting any more lucrative appointment elsewhere. One virtue, that of hospitality, he possesses to an unlimited extent. In the evening Forster returned from his run, (about eight miles off,) on horseback, leading a most miserable Rosinante for me, the property of his shepherd.

Friday, 6th. This morning, Lascelles, who is an universal genius, or, at any rate,

a jack-of-all-trades, shod our horses. We wished good-bye to him and Marlborough, and started for Mr. Gellibrand's, about forty miles distant, from whence we had set out on our expedition. After riding twenty miles at a snail's pace—for neither of our nags were very spirited, and mine required constant beating and spurring to keep it going at all—we reached Victoria Valley, where there are some huts, and a most comfortable little inn, kept by a tidy little woman, Mrs. Stock. Here we had an excellent dinner on mutton chops and tea, and I borrowed a fresh horse. We got over the remaining twenty miles, and rode up to Mr. Gellibrand's house just as it was getting dark on the evening of the seventeenth day since we left it. We were kindly and cordially received—told how parties were on the point of setting out in search of us—pitied for the hardships we had suffered, and

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rewarded for our trouble by finding ready listeners to the recital of our adventures.

Saturday, 7th. I bade adieu to my kind friends over-night, and at daylight proceeded alone on my homeward journey, leaving Forster to be taken care of by the fair Miss Gellibrands. The man who made the saddle on which I had been perched all yesterday, and which was to convey me some thirty-seven miles further (to New Norfolk) to-day, deserves to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. I put a sheepskin over it, and tried to put a cheerful countenance on my own visage. At Hamilton I stopped to give my horse and myself a feed; the former at the inn stable—the latter at the table of Mr. Fenwick, the Police Magistrate, who, in addition to a good breakfast, offered to replace my tattered garments with a suit of his own clothes. I got to New Norfolk

just in time for the coach to Hobart Town, where I arrived about 7 p.m., and for a whole week afterwards never wished to set out on another such expedition.

## CHAPTER XVI.

" The scene is steep'd in beauty : and my soul,  
No longer lingering in the gloom of care,  
Doth greet Creation's smile. The grey clouds roll  
Even from the mountain peaks, and melt in air ;  
The landscape looks an Eden ! Who could wear  
The frown of sorrow now ? This glorious hour  
Reveals the ruling god ! The heavens are bare !  
Each sunny stream and blossom-mantled bower  
Breathes of pervading love, and shows the power  
That spoke him into life hath blessed Man's earthly dower."  
—*Richardson.*

ERE we turn our steps towards the city of the North, we must conduct our readers a little eastward to visit Swan Port and the Douglass River : and as this seems to us like travelling on a beaten track, our notice of it will be very limited, choosing rather to refer our readers to the work of the talented Mrs. Charles Meredith—" My Home in

Tasmania,"—whose elegant and graphic descriptions of her wanderings and bush life cannot fail to be highly interesting to every reader, and which we have no pretensions to equal.

The tourist cannot fail to pause and admire the lovely scene stretched out before his view, as, leaving New Town (before described), and turning to the right towards Risdon Ferry, he passes the pretty gothic residence of Captain Hamilton, with its beautiful gardens. The fine bay of New Town here opens to the view, skirting which you turn towards a narrow part of the river, where a ferry-boat conveys you across. On the opposite side is Grass-tree Hill, which commands a splendid view of Hobarton and its harbour.

Richmond, a small village nine miles further on, is situated in a flat valley ; and,

though very unlike its prototype, it has the appearance of a neat village of the old country, with a good hotel and a square-towered church.

Hence to the next village, of most euphonious title, yclept Jerusalem, the road—if such it may be called, being little more than a track through an uncultivated, and for the most part uninhabited, district—would weary the patience of any of the pilgrims bound to the capital of Palestine ; and certainly the Holy City itself must have derived its name from the *lucus a non lucendo*.

We next pass on to the Eastern Marshes, a wild and desolate-looking country for many miles in extent, till we reach the Sugar Loaf, where a road winds along the ridge of the mountain-top. A wide extent of hills and dales is spread out to view, with the sombre forest in the foreground. The



Schouten Islands appear stretching along the coast ; and a view of much beauty and extent, embracing hill and dale and the outspread sea, repays the wanderer for the toils and difficulties of the way.

Little Swan Port is the first resting-place on the sea-shore, formed on an inlet of Oyster Bay. From thence the road runs along the sea-coast, beautifully described by the authoress before mentioned. Passing over the rocky hills, we arrive at Swansea and Waterloo Point ; and thence along a good road, which extends for nine miles along the extremity of the bay, we pass the head of Swan Port, a broad and rather open arm of the sea : behind which there is a considerable lagoon, named Moulting Bay, from being the resort of numerous flocks of black swans and other wild fowl.

There are several excursions from this

point, which our space will not admit of detailing: we therefore turn our steps to Douglass River, the road to which passes first through the highly cultivated tracts of country belonging to the Meredith family, Amos, and others, which, from its minute subdivisions, separated by beautiful quickset hedges, reminds one more forcibly of an English country landscape than any other part of the Island.

Further on the tourist espies the Swan River, and then the range of hills dividing this tract from the vale of Apsley, where there are extensive sheep-runs and valuable agricultural land, chiefly in the hands of the Lyons, &c. Near the head of the Apsley River is the rich vale of St. Alban's, subdivided into various agricultural farms; and a few miles further is the new and rising township of Bicheno.

Distant from this about four or five miles are the coal mines of the Douglass River Company. Several seams of coal have been found here, and the company are now working two, of four and five feet, about two miles apart the persistence of the seams wrought, the interval having been ascertained by borings. The quality of the coal is bituminous. Some of it cakes well ; and by recent experiments in Hobarton, it has been found to yield an average amount of gas, not inferior to the gas coals of England ; and will no doubt, ere long, prove extremely valuable to the colony. There is a tram-road, nearly completed, from the coal shafts to the shipping place, decidedly one of the most important works in the Island. The terminus is at Waubb's Harbour, where there is shelter under a small island for vessels of 200 tons ; and the Company are now building a jetty, and are about

to lay down moorings to give additional security and every facility to vessels.

Returning to New Town, the road to Launceston leads over a gentle declivity, passing on the left a handsome block of buildings, which comprise the pretty parish church in the centre, flanked by the Queen's Orphan School, with the vicarage and its gardens in the rear, overshadowed by the lofty peak of Mount Wellington. On the right is seen New Town Park, the residence of the chief magistrate of the city. The house is a neatly built mansion in the comfortable English style; the grounds tastefully laid out, and kept in beautiful order, reflecting highly on the good taste of its hospitable and worthy proprietor. The New Town Race-course, with its commodious stand-house, half a mile further on, affords the lovers of the Turf a fair field and a frequent opportunity of testing the mettle

of their steeds and pockets. The road leads through the pretty village of O'Brien's Bridge, already described; and passing on through the richly cultivated slope from the mountain ridge which extends from Mount Wellington to New Norfolk, you cross the Derwent at Bridgewater by a very fine viaduct, constructed by Government at an immense outlay.

On the other side from the village of Bridgewater—boasting of a large hotel—a magnificent view is obtained of the winding Derwent, with the long range of mountain scenery in the distance. Six miles further on, cantering over Brighton Plains, the valley of the Jordan opens to the view. The high-sounding names of this poor little village of Brighton and miserable little stream leads the visitor to expect something more worthy of the cognomen. However, great as the disappointment may be, on

proceeding to the brow of the hill above the hamlet, the splendid prospect charms the beholder. On one side, stealing away, the little stream, like a silver thread, winds through a luxuriant and verdant valley, above which the rich cultivated lands of the colonial military settlers appear; on the other side, as we proceed, you pass the quaint little church of nondescript architecture, remarked for its curiously devised portico. Opposite is the pretty residence of Mr. Forster, who dispenses law and justice to the extensive district of Bagdad. This plain, which is of considerable beauty, extends between two ridges of thickly covered mountains for some miles. On the right is the extensive property of the Butlers. A fine building of stables and offices in the foreground partly eclipses the cottage residence, which, though small, is nevertheless remarkable for the great hospitality ever to be found within its walls. On the left

of this estate is that of Mr. Lord : passing which, one cannot fail to admire the neatly farmed lands of Mr. Hayes.

Cornucopia, the residence of Dr. Lempriere, adjoins ; and, though it boasts no architectural beauty, being a plainly built modern mansion, yet few houses in the colony can vie with it in the profuse hospitality and kindly welcome, even extended to the stranger, by its worthy host and his most amiable lady.

Leaving with regret this friendly roof, we proceed through a mountain gorge and the hamlet of Bagdad to the very prettily situated village of Green Ponds—celebrated in Tasmanian lore as the honeymoon retreat,—which derives its name from a large marsh and low swampy soil of rich alluvial land in the valley.

Three miles from Green Ponds is Mount Vernon, the property of A. F. Kemp, Esq., an old officer, well known in the colony, enjoying the soubriquet of "the Father of the Settlers." The estate comprises about four thousand acres, principally of luxuriant pasture land, running along the valley watered by the Jordan, which, like the Nile, constantly overflowing its banks, increases much the value of the land by its never-failing irrigation. Mount Vernon is justly celebrated as a dairy farm, the butter from which is in considerable repute in the Hobarton market.

The road leads by a winding ascent for some miles to Spring Hill, where a landscape of wide extent spreads itself before the view, Mount Wellington forming the background in the horizon. Beyond this, at the foot of the hill, is the very charming residence of Mr. E. Bisdee, well named



"Lovely Banks." To the left, through a pretty valley, is the road to Hutton Park, the property of Mr. J. Bisdee.

The next village *en route* is Jericho. If it takes its name from any similarity to the city overthrown by Joshua, it must surely have been after its fall. It is a place of but little note, though watered by the Jordan. To account for the Eastern nomenclature in this locality, which seems so irrelevant, it is on record that the first settlers were some military lately arrived from Syria, where their regiment had been stationed during the Egyptian campaign.

There is no place worthy of remark till the large and flourishing town of Oatlands is reached, said to be built on the most elevated table land in the island, and about midway between Hobart Town and Launceston. To the right of the township there

is a large lake, along the shores of which, by the forest-clad hills, are several pretty places. Oatlands is an inland town of some importance, returning a member to the Legislative Assembly. Three miles from the town is the residence of the present member, Mr. Anstey, of Anstey Barton, situated in a beautiful valley; an amphitheatre encircled by a romantic chain of hills surrounds it. From the high situation of the town the winter is very severe. The houses are built of fine stone, abundant in the neighbourhood. There is a good hotel, and annual races, at Oatlands.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if the earth contained no tomb—  
And glowing into day. We may resume  
The march of our existence ; and thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room  
And food for meditation : nor pass by  
Much that may give us pause if pondered fittingly."  
— *Childe Harold*.

As the tourist or the traveller stops a while at Oatlands, the half-way resting-place to the goodly town of Launceston, so has our pen paused : now we resume our descriptive task.

Four miles from Oatlands, the pretty place of Mr. O'Connor, St. Peter's Pass, is situated, with good house and fine gardens ;

beyond which is a fine valley of well cultivated land, and the comfortable residence of Mr. Harrison and his son, remarkable for their very beautiful and blooming gardens. The little village of Tunbridge is scarcely worthy of note, save in the contrast it affords to its English namesake. The extensive Salt Pan Plains are traversed wearily, and without interest, till we come to the fine mansion and grounds of Captain Horton, a gentleman of considerable property, whose philanthropic anxiety to benefit the colony has induced him to build, at a large outlay, a very fine College, endowed by him, in conjunction with the Government, for the purpose of educating youth, and conferring degrees for every profession. This imposing structure is now nearly completed, and, being situated close to the public road, is an object of much interest to the tourist. In this neighbourhood, also, is the residence of Philip

Smith, Esq., another large landed proprietor. We need not enter upon a detailed account of Mona Vale, the magnificent property of Mr. Kermode, it having been so ably described in Colonel Munday's work, "Our Antipodes."

The village of Ross next greets us, with the meandering Macquarie encircling it: a neat bridge leads over it to the town; but unfortunately, owing to the peculiarity of Tasmanian rivers, it constantly overflows its banks, carrying away in its impetuous course bridges, houses, &c.: and thus it happens that the skill of the engineer is constantly in requisition for new inventions to meet the difficulties and interruptions of transit caused by the frequent inundations.

After leaving Ross we pass the charming seat of Mr. Horne, in the *cottage ornée* style. From thence a straight and level

road, without a turn or hill for seven miles, leads to Campbell Town, where, to use the words of the poet Crabbe,—

“ They are of those whose skill assign the prize,  
For creatures fed in pens, and stalls, and styes ;  
And who, in places where improvers meet  
To fill the land with fatness, have a seat.”

For it is here the annual cattle shows are held ; and its neighbouring gentry, men of considerable property and substance, are far in advance, and take the lead in all the agricultural projects of the colony. We must make Campbell Town another halting place in order to conduct the reader on some excursions of interest in the neighbourhood. And certainly the principal feature of the town being its four fine and comfortable hotels, is enough to induce a short sojourn here. Sometimes, also, the lovers of Terpsichore are accustomed to while away the hours in the festive group within the fine Assembly Rooms.

Our first excursion is to Falmouth ; and though the way can scarcely be called a road, leading through the bush, and never under the superintendence of M'Adam, it cannot fail to please and interest. Selma, the very pretty place of Mr. M'Kinnon, is passed on the left hand ; and proceeding along the banks of the South Esk, a winding stream through hill and dale, you come to Avoca, "where the sweet waters meet,"—the St. Paul's and the South Esk,—a most picturesque and charming spot, and worthy of the name it bears. The hospitable mansion of Mr. S. Lord, with grounds of considerable beauty and extent, commands a splendid view of the vale, with a high range of hills in the background.

This part of the country is so beautifully and graphically described by the authoress already spoken of in a former chapter that we would fain entreat forgiveness for here inserting an extract from her work.

“ The first part of our next day’s journey  
“ was through a beautiful valley between  
“ fine ranges of wooded hills, one of which,  
“ from its high round form, is named St.  
“ Paul’s Dome. Our road lay along the  
“ opposite declivity, overlooking the vale  
“ and its snug farms and cottages, green  
“ lawn-like fields, and the bright winding  
“ river of St. Paul’s, outspread in fair array  
“ before us, as we drove pleasantly along  
“ St. Paul’s Plains, fully appreciating the  
“ comfort of hard firm ground, albeit some-  
“ times rough with rocks. My attention  
“ had for some time been engrossed by the  
“ outline of the distant hills on our left,  
“ and watching the changes of effect caused  
“ by the passage of clouds across the sun-  
“ light, when, on looking again to the  
“ right, I involuntarily uttered a cry of  
“ astonishment and delight. Beyond a  
“ sort of promontory, in which one hilly  
“ range abruptly ended, had arisen, as if by



“ enchantment, a living picture of the sunny  
“ Alps,—a distant lofty expanse of crag and  
“ battlement and peak, all white and dazzling  
“ in the silvery snow, amidst which the  
“ steep sides of some mighty buttress-like  
“ rocks shewed black as jet; and the deep  
“ blue unclouded sky crowned the glorious  
“ scene, which, I suppose, was yet the more  
“ charming to me as being wholly unex-  
“ pected. My new friend was the Tasma-  
“ nian Ben Lomond, the lordly chief of a  
“ great mountain group in the north-east of  
“ our beautiful island.”

An undulating tract of country extends to the township of Fingal. On the road to it you pass Tullochgorum, the residence of Mr. Grant, a gentleman of considerable property. In this locality gold is found, and with untiring perseverance it is still sought for, though the specimens are—

“ Like angels' visits, few and far between.”

Fingal is one of the prettiest villages in the colony, situated on a hill-side, with the South Esk flowing in the valley ; and pre-eminent in the village is seen the very neat cottage of Mr. Aitkin, the Police Magistrate. Three miles from the hamlet is Malahide, the whilome residence of a scion of the noble house of Talbot. Two miles further is the large and fine mansion of Mr. Von Stieglitz, in the German style of architecture, where hospitality in true old country abundance is ever to be found. There is a coal seam in this part of the country, but there being no road yet made, the mine is not worked. There are also some large dairy farms and fine pasture land around.

Cullenswood is a very nice village on the road to Falmouth. The house and gardens of the clergyman, Mr. Parsons, with a neat church on the summit of the hill, has a very pleasing effect. Mr. Legge, one of the

largest landed proprietors in the district, has a fine house, which is seen from the road. But the tourist cannot but hasten to the most romantic view in the island, now appearing before him, in St. Mary's Pass. Winding along the side of a densely wooded hill is cut a winding road, overshadowed by lofty trees. Beneath, the beautiful sassafrass tree fills the valley, intermingled down the vale with the no less beautiful and romantic looking fern tree, dipping into the rushing torrent which flows through the glen. On the opposite side rises perpendicularly a similar hill, thickly studded with lordly forest trees up to the highest top, reminding one forcibly of the Glen of the Downs in the Emerald Isle. Rounding the hill side, the mighty ocean appears, thus adding another lovely feature to this charming spot: and yet, as you proceed, 'tis lost to sight descending amidst the forest, till you open the town of Falmouth, now commencing to

be esteemed of some importance, opening a good produce trade with Hobarton from the very fine dairy farms in the neighbourhood. Some distance from Falmouth, on the coast, is the embouchure of the Scamander. The scenery on both sides of this fine river is very wild and beautiful; but there are very few settlers here, and the region has been but little explored, so we must even return to Campbell Town, and commence another chapter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**" The vapours round the mountains curled  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near so little, ere his last.  
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth :  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth ;  
Flowers in the valley, and splendour in the beam ;  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.  
Immortal man ! behold her glories shine,  
And cry exultingly, for they are thine."**

*— Longfellow.*

Few countries in the world have more diversified and picturesque scenery so closely adjoining as the fair isle of Tasmania ; for though many parts are tame and uninteresting, their extent is not great, and the eye is soon relieved by some beautiful background of mountain range, or some winding stream or verdant valley. Such is the

lovely vale of the Macquarie, where Nature's beauties are spread before the view, and the calm river gently flows on through a most picturesque valley extending to the western tier and lake. A road leads from Campbell Town to the Plains, passing the charming residence of Mr. Harrison, Merton Vale, and also the chaste Italian villa, Rosedale, belonging to Mr. Leake, M.L.C., the gardens and grounds of which are laid out in beautiful order. In the midst of the plain is a pretty Scotch Kirk and manse, surrounded by the park-like scenery of the district. Seen in the distance is the fine seat of Mr. Allison, Streamshall. Returning to the town one cannot fail to admire the elegant cottage of Dr. Vallentine, built in the Elizabethan style. The upright character and steady perseverance in disinterested exertions for the welfare of his adopted country have gained for the worthy Doctor a name far better than riches.

One mile from Campbell Town is Ricarton, in the midst of a large plain, a fine modern house, the seat of Mr. Davidson, a gentleman of very large property, ever kind and attentive to the stranger. Near Ricarton is the residence of Mr. James Lord, —truly named, being a very extensive *lord* of the soil,—Quorn Hall, a fine large mansion, with extensive park and beautiful grounds. This district abounds in good agricultural farms and some capital sheep-runs.

The next township on our road is Cleveland, not a remarkable one, a very unpretending hamlet. Leaving the main road for a while, we must turn a few miles to the left, till we enter the lovely valley of the Esk, leading from Avoca before spoken of. The plain extends far away to the base of the lofty Ben Lomond, which rises majestically in the distance. Clynevale, the resi-

dence of Mr. Crear, is very beautifully situated on the river, with splendid gardens and shrubberies, and having a charming view of the finest scene of the Esk.

Returning to Cleveland you traverse over a good road, though long and dreary, through a stunted forest, several miles, till the Esk once again breaks on your view; and the bridge of Perth is before you, forming a pretty foreground for the fine village on the hill above. Here, again, the skill of the engineer has been put to a severe test, for the inundations of the Esk are sometimes fearful, and the bridge is now in a very sad state; though it is being repaired, the foundations of the piers are shaken, and it has been deemed necessary to send to England for an iron one, which it is to be hoped will have better luck than its predecessor. Perth is a neat country village.



And here three roads meet, so we must again turn off a little to visit Longford and its fertile neighbourhood. This town is three miles from Perth, beautifully situated at the junction of the South Esk and Lake Rivers, over which a curious looking bridge of piles has lately been erected. This is the most thriving settlement of the colony, and has the appearance of comfort and well-being seldom so visible in an infant state. In the town are three steam mills, large stores for grain, and several good hotels. There is also a very fine church, which cost, even in its present unfinished state, ten thousand pounds. In its oriel window is some stained glass by the famous Weims, of Newcastle. The district is called Norfolk Plains from its first settlers being from Norfolk Island, who obtained for their holdings in that settlement small grants of the fine land along the Esk. There are, however, but few of the original possessors

now to be found here: for the most part their tenements were purchased by more enterprising men, who built comfortable homesteads on the smaller allotments, while they obtained Government grants of land in the vicinity. Norfolk Plains is with justice named the "garden of Tasmania," and nothing reminds the stranger more forcibly of his own dear native land than the beautiful hedgerows of the blooming thorn, particularly on the farms of Messrs. Archer and Willmore.

To the south of the town is the Cressy estate, belonging to a company in England, consisting of twenty thousand acres, mostly splendid park-like land; and it is to be regretted that so magnificent a block of land is not subdivided and more cultivated, with a greater number of resident proprietors.

Eight miles over the Plains brings you

to the village of Bishopsbourne, near the College already described. From this the distant view of the western range is very grand and imposing, being five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Amidst the table land on the range are several lakes,—one called the Great Lake, seven miles broad and ninety miles in circumference. From this lake the River Shannon takes its rise. Along the base of the tiers are several pretty places, which our space will not admit of particularising. Amongst the proprietors are found the names of Archer, Walker, O'Connor, Parker, Fletcher, and Gatenby.

Three miles from Longford is Woolmers, the residence of the late Mr. T. Archer,—well worthy of a visit from the tourist from the very beautiful and valuable collection of paintings, and from the very fine and extensive gardens. Near to this mansion is

Rhodes, the complete farming establishment of Mr. Walker; and further on, situated charmingly over the river, with its tastefully laid out grounds, gardens, and conservatories, is Woodhall, the seat of Mr. J. Bonney, which is always in magnificent order, and no expense spared to keep it so. The last place we note in this locality is the very handsome place of Mr. J. Archer, Panshanger, on the Lake River, rivalling in beauty many a proudly esteemed place in England.

Returning to Perth, and taking the road to the right, you come to Evandale, four miles distant,—a very improving township of rich agricultural land; and five miles from the village is the large and handsome domain of Mr. James Cox, who has been at considerable expense importing fallow deer to the colony, of which he has now above a hundred in his park; also, the large forest

kangaroo, great numbers of which are to be seen through his extensive property. The residence is a large modern building; and justly is the truly noble owner famed for his courtesy and hospitality.

About five miles from this place is the village of Lymington, on the Nile, where a neat church and school-house has been built by Mr. Cox, and endowed by him with two hundred acres of very valuable land.

Proceeding up the Nile towards Ben Lomond, we come to another settlement, where a church has been erected; and close by is the Camperdown estate, adjoining which is Patterdale, formerly the residence of Glover, the artist, now in the hands of Mr. James Crear. The scenery all along this river is exceedingly beautiful. Again we turn our steps to Perth, and, gaining the main road, wend our way to the city of the

North. Ascending a hill above the town; a magnificent panorama is spread out to your view.

In the valley beneath is Launceston, very remarkable for the order and regularity of its streets. Beyond is the extensive vale of the Tamar, whilst the meandering river is seen wending its way through the plain, and, lost in the woody hills in the distance, hurries on to the sea. Launceston is an exceedingly pretty place, situated at the confluence of the North and South Esk, which here form the Tamar. On one side a bold craggy hill hangs over the city, through a deep gorge, down which rushes the impetuous North Esk. From this height is a very splendid view of the whole city and neighbourhood, and well repays the toil of the scramble up. Descending the other side, the busy haunts of man are hidden, and the eye is charmed by the very beauti-

ful miniature lake before you—the wild crag and forest around you, and under your feet the dashing torrent, forming a very pretty cascade;—one of the most enchanting scenes possible. From the summit, on the one side, is seen a large and busy town :—hundreds of vessels crowding the wharves ; steamers and ships hastening to or hurrying from the port ;—all is life and bustle, with crowded streets in all the turmoil of daily toil and traffic. A few steps, and the scene is changed : you are in a desert wild, surrounded with the mantling rock and native forest, with naught save the rushing water over the cataract to disturb you. Man is alone with nature and nature's God, and, in the sublime thoughts of his power and goodness, forgets the one scene in the divine beauty of the other. From another hill on the opposite side, called Signal Point, a very fine view is also had of the city, as well as an extensive landscape, and

the windings of the South Esk, so often to be met with all through the surrounding country.

Launceston contains about eight thousand inhabitants. The streets are well laid out and regularly built. There are churches of every denomination, law courts, public buildings, banks, &c. ; some fine shops, well supplied ; large and handsome stores, with wharves and quays, but subject to inconvenience from the rise and fall of the tides. It is situated forty miles from the sea ; and the navigation is extremely difficult, though vessels of seven or eight hundred tons come often to the port. There are two good hotels, and some sixty altogether. A very prettily laid out botanical garden, before spoken of, quite close to the town, affords a very *recherche* promenade for the good folk. Several very beautiful suburban villas, and a great many fine gardens, are also to be met with.



Launceston is fast rising in wealth and importance, sending three steamers every week to Victoria and one to Sydney, with small steamers daily running to George Town, the sea port town outlet, which, though now but an inconsiderable village, will soon rise to greatness.

The society of Launceston is said to be less formal, and more free from the trammels of court etiquette, than its southern rival; and though, from the long, low, flat, and marshy land of the vale, fogs are prevalent, yet it is considered a more healthy place than Hobarton.

There are some very beautiful walks and drives all round the town, and some very fine places in the neighbourhood:—none more deserving of notice than Newenham, the residence of W. A. Gardner, Esq., whose extreme hospitality and kindness is quite a

proverb in Tasmania,—a gentlemen of extensive property, which his truly philanthropic spirit devotes to the best purposes,—the promoter of everything tending to improve his country, and the liberal patron of every matter, grave or gay.

One of the most charming trips in Tasmania is down the Tamar to George Town. Along the river side all the way are handsome places, or fine romantic hills, which, as the dancing course leads from one defile to another, opens some pretty spot to view. Here a neat village is seen slumbering in a tranquil valley; again, some handsome mansion appears; anon, you are lost in the woody highlands overtopping the narrowing stream; again, a wild estuary opens to your view, and some wild scenery enchants the eye, till at length the open sea spreads itself before you, and George Town is gained.

The entrance to the river is dangerous, several rocks and shoal water being in it; but buoys are carefully laid down, and light houses. Skilful pilots are ever ready to conduct the stranger ship to anchor, and safe moorings. The distance to Victoria and the entrance to the heads from George Town is 180 miles; and the trip has been made from Launceston to Hobson's Bay—some two hundred odd miles—in sixteen hours, which, considering the difficulty of navigation in the forty miles of dangerous river cruising, speaks well for the state of transit to the sister colony.

Several projects are now in embryo for clearing the river, building quays and wharves; and a very few years will no doubt improve this city wonderfully. There are many large landed proprietors living in the neighbourhood, and many merchants of wealth within it. The great feeling that is

now abroad to advance will very soon tell in such a place as this, where there is such a field for improvement and speculation ; and as Hobarton is daily increasing in its importance and station amongst the cities of the Southern Hemisphere, so will Launceston also take up its position. Nor will its honest and industrious citizens hold back with niggard hand that wealth now in their keeping. The day for hoarding is gone by ; and as the go-ahead principle prevails, we prognosticate great things for the fair city of the North.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

• • • • •  
Rich is thy soil and merciful thy clime,  
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float  
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless."

—*Thomson.*

GLADLY would we linger on the enchanting scene spread in panoramic view before us as we leave this fair city; but already we have exceeded our limits, and hasten on to the unexplored regions of the north-west coast, abounding in riches still unknown, with goodly ports still seen but by a few,

and with lordly rivers as yet untraversed,  
and with mineral wealth still hidden and  
unsought for.

Ere we enter into the Forest Country and the wilds of Devon, we pass through a rich and well-cultivated district. The road from Launceston to Deloraine, on the confines of the woods whither we would turn our steps, leads over a long acclivity of gradual ascent, from the top of which you gain a very charming view of the city and the surrounding country. Five miles brings you to the neat and snug village of Entally, where you again see the South Esk, here a very narrow stream. Over it is built a very curiously-built bridge of piles; and though it is raised some twenty to thirty feet above the level of the ordinary river, yet sometimes the stream rises above and carries all before it. This

is a smiling and fertile valley, and many comfortable farm houses appear along the river side.

From hence the road leads through a wood for three or four miles till the Vale of Carrick appears, in which is a very fine race-course. Carrick is a village of some note, the land in the neighbourhood being very rich and highly cultivated ; it boasts, however, of but little beauty save the view from the other side on the hill, with a pretty mill ; and the little gurgling stream stealing away into the forest makes a sweet scene for the landscape painter. Over this hill the road leads again through the thick forests till you reach the cleared land to the right of the Quamby estate. This, the most extensive and valuable property in the colony, belongs to Mr. Dry, the Speaker of the House of Assembly. On the other side of the road is the large and fine mansion,

beautiful park, and well-farmed lands of Hagley, the residence of Dr. Richardson, whose kindness and attention to the stranger are no less pleasing than the well-informed and courteous manners accompanying it. The house is very prettily situated in the midst of a large park, well laid out with handsome trees, and the interior corresponds with the ideas one forms on the first view of the place, which certainly cannot fail to be favourable. The Quamby Estate extends still on the right for a considerable way towards Westbury, but the house is not seen from the road.

- The town of Westbury is surrounded with some fine land and several pretty places ; one in particular, a handsome cottage, with neat gardens and grounds, the residence of a retired officer of the army. A very fine valley extends from the village to the domain of Mr. Field, who, with his



brothers, possess some very considerable extent of property, and are the largest stock-holders in the colony.

The road from Deloraine to Westbury leads partly through the forest, where are some clearings of the grants lately made to Pensioners. Some good farms are also passed till you come to the property of Mr. T. Archer. The house is in the cottage style, with deep verandahs. The situation is pre-eminently beautiful, on a rising ground, most tastily laid out with elegant gardens, which the worthy proprietor is justly proud of. A rich vale spreads away, bounded by the wild forest, which has a most pleasing effect, and the fine cultivated lands in this sweet oasis are remarkable for their richness and beauty ; justly is it named the Retreat, and if profuse hospitality, kindness, and urbanity can make such a retreat perfect, it is there to be found. On the opposite

side of the road is the domain and very pretty place of Mr. Crookes, an extensive landed proprietor, with a fine brewery adjoining his premises, and who rivals with his kind neighbour and brother-in-law in kind hospitality to the stranger.

Two miles further on you come to the very neat and rising village of Deloraine, the last town ere we pass, in truth, the Rubicon, and enter the wilds of the north-west. The houses are very well built of brick, and it boasts of two or three good inns, one, the largest, very prettily situated on the other side of the river, on a rising ground, commanding a fine view of a large low plain, through which flows a rapid stream. The bridge over the river Rubicon through the town is of piles of very novel construction. Beyond the valley are two or three handsome places, one in particular, Mr. McArthur's, of Calstock.

Leaving the village you strike into the Black Forest, and wander through the wild for several miles until you reach the Twyford Hills, and the clearing of farms of Mr. Field, already spoken of. A good house is situated near the confluence of two rivulets. Passing over them you cross a long low plain of two or three miles in length, and entering the forest, again follow on the track, here with difficulty regained; over hill and dale you wander, still surrounded with the seemingly interminable forest, and nought but a blazed track to direct you. Here and there a gurgling stream comes dashing down some hill, and a plank or two afford you the means of crossing. Near thirty miles of way is thus passed over, and still no resting place seems near. Suddenly the scene changes, and as your hopes are on the wane with the setting sun, the loud barking of the house-dog tells the weary stranger that a home is near, and the

hospitable residence of Mr. Douglas receives you with warm welcome and friendly cheer. Leaving with grateful remembrance this friendly family, you reach Sorell, four miles distant, a place (for town it cannot be called) on the mouth of a river of that name.

But here we must pause awhile to particularise the rivers of this part of the coast, a description of which, and much valuable information, has been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Sprent, the talented and energetic conductor of the Trigonometrical Survey of the island. "There are no less than eleven rivers between the Tamar and Circular Head. Of these, the largest is the Mersey, which discharges more water into the sea than the North and South Esk at Launceston. Vessels of 300 tons can easily enter the Mersey, which is navigable for a considerable way; but its capabilities are not yet

fully known. The Forth is but little inferior to the Mersey. The Rubicon will admit vessels of from one to two hundred tons. The Cam and Inglis have good entrances twelve to fourteen feet over the bar. All these rivers have sand bars; but as the tide in the Straits rises about ten feet, they have considerable depth of water when at the full. The bars, however, are subject to frequent changes: they have the shallowest water upon them in summer, when the inner force of the river is the weakest; and the deepest in winter, when the "freshes" are sufficiently powerful to force a passage. The prevailing wind being from the north-west to south-west, there is not much difficulty in getting in and out; and there is very good anchorage within all these rivers, and but very few rocks or shoals to impede navigation. In another point of view these rivers possess great advantages as water powers. The Mersey is a large

and powerful stream of near sixty miles in length: it has a great fall, particularly some distance from the sea, having fine sites for mills, giving power to any extent. The Mersey and the Forth have a fall of several thousand feet. The Leven has a fall of fifteen hundred feet in a distance of twenty miles. The Blyth, Emu, and Cam have a considerable fall, but have not been much explored. The Inglis and Black River are also fine rivers, and have considerable advantages. Altogether in this part of the coast there is sufficient water power for the machinery of a large manufacturing country. With regard to the land through which these rivers run, it is of a very varied character. At Port Sorell and Badger Head the rocks are of dirty quartz, and the land very poor and barren. Continuing southerly over the Asbestos Hills, this range culminates at about ten miles southward of Badger Hill,

where, from the heavy timber, the land assumes an appearance of superior quality. The soil, some parts near the Mersey, is of a rich alluvial character. Coal is also to be found there, and a seam of dysodile, or combustible schist, which, by late experiments, has been proved to be more valuable than coal in making gas. In this locality emery has also been discovered. Several saw and other mills are being erected on the banks, and hundreds of settlers are daily flocking to this part of the coast."

Near the Forth and Leven the land is heavily timbered, but, for the most part, is of very superior quality. The expense of clearing it, however, is enormous, computed by some to be near fifty pounds the acre. The want of labour is a great drawback to the coast being more settled, and the many impediments and delays attending the surveying of the allotments, before which it is

impossible to find out even the *locale* of your property. It is to be hoped, however, now new life and vigour being given to the commerce of the coast, and the value of the land rapidly increasing, that Government will be induced to offer more remunerative contracts to surveyors; and by building one or more bridges over each of the rivers, with a road along the coast or the interior, do a real benefit to the district, certain to repay them in the end.

From the Leven to the Blyth the land is rich, but very heavily timbered, and most difficult of clearing. The headlands, of which there are a great many jutting into the sea, are bold, rocky, and precipitous; but between them are deep sandy bays, some of very considerable extent. The one between Port Sorell and the Mersey is five miles in one continuous break, with a magnificent sandy beach the whole way.



These headlands, however, very much impede the traveller; for often passing over a winding bay on the trackless sand, with difficulty you find the blazed track, which you must recover, to pass inland, in order to avoid the rocky point, impassable as it is now. About six miles from the coast a range of rocky hills runs along, known as the Dim Range, which rises to a considerable elevation in some parts. The lands are scrubby, with heath and barren soil.

Port Sorell, as before-mentioned, boasts of but few houses; but there are several inlets and townships along the shore of the river, which is very broad and fine at its entrance.

The road from the port, leading still through the forest, is over a light sandy soil. Occasionally a glimpse of the sea is

caught ascending some hill ; till about three miles from Sorell you open the cleared land and very fine property of Mr. Thomas and his sons. Here on the upper grounds, which gradually rise from the sea in undulating beauty, is one of the prettiest cottages in the colony, belonging to Mr. S. Thomas. Lower down, and partly hidden amidst a thick shrubbery with very handsome gardens, is the very comfortable home of the elder Mr. Thomas, North Downs. A fine valley stretches away beneath, of good pasture land, till you reach the beach already spoken of.

Crossing this, you come to the banks of the Mersey, where is a good and comfortable inn. The want of a bridge is here much felt, the traveller having to swim his horse after a boat, not always a safe proceeding.

Some three miles further brings you to the River Don, a small winding stream, and fordable near the comfortable farm house and mills of Mr. Drew.

Five miles through the forest, with an occasional canter on the sands, brings you to the Forth, fordable at low water over the bar: too often, however, this is a ticklish matter, as particular care must be taken to hit the time exactly; an hour before or after the turn of the tide, the attempt is impracticable, and a difficult and dangerous swim rewards the hardy adventurer. Such was once the author's fate, ever to be remembered with no enviable feelings. A very wretched inn here awaits the weary wanderer, and it is much to be regretted that some means are not adopted by the government for facilitating transit along the coast, and ensuring to the traveller safety and comfort in his toilsome way.

Five miles from the Forth is the Leven, and the very prettily situated township of Ulverstone. This river is equally dangerous as a ford, though often crossed at low water; but you are chiefly indebted to the extreme kindness of one of the settlers here, Mr. Beecroft, who has a very neat house and cleared lands in the wilds above Ulverstone, and is ever ready to show hospitality, and with his boat and assistance take you over the river. Then entering the wild forest again, you have some ten mile of a hardly discoverable track, till you reach the Blyth, a most dangerous ford, as its bar is of shifting sand, and seldom remains long with the same channel near the sea, where the fords are always most practicable.

From the Blyth to Emu Bay, along the coast, the land is poor and valueless; but in the interior, and as the forest becomes of

larger growth, it very much improves, and is well watered with an infinite number of rivulets and creeks.

From the Emu to the Cam the land is more open and settled, it being, for a considerable part, the property of the Van Diemen's Land Company. Like a very beautiful amphitheatre, surrounded with high sheltering forest-clad hills, is Emu Bay. The town of Birnie is laid out on the northern extremity, where a headland, as before described, runs out a considerable way into the sea, which continues for more than a mile, forming a reef of rocks as the limit of the bay, and a good situation for a light-house. This place is described by Colonel Munday as a green-house, with its windows open all the year round, so equable is its climate. 'Tis, in truth, a very pretty spot, and well calculated for a fashionable and healthy watering place.

Within the bay to the eastward, and on the other side of the Emu, which enters the sea half-way in the bay, is the new-formed township of Wivenhoe, which, we trust, will one day rival many a town now more esteemed than this very pretty but little known locality. It is in contemplation to form a military settlement here. The particulars will be given in Appendix [F].

Birnie is a town belonging to the Company, who have built stores close to the sea for the purpose of renting them to the farmers of the interior to facilitate the transport of their produce. They were engaged to build a mole and wharf, but it is not as yet erected. There is a good hotel here, church, &c. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood and township are estimated at three hundred. Near the township is Quashy Bungo, the cottage of Mr. Maitland Ware, in which the

wandering tourist will find a home and much kindness and hospitality. Above, in a charming situation, commanding a very fine view of the bay and township, is the residence of Mr. William Gibson, the *custos rotulorum* of the district, and who rivals Mr. Ware in courtesy and urbanity; adding in no little degree to the gratification of the stranger, who is always certain to meet with it from them. The town allotments of Birnie, till very lately, were to be sold at reasonable prices, as well as the suburban lots of fourteen to fifty acres; but, from a mistaken policy, the Company will not now dispose of their lands. A track, or as it is there called, a road, leads from Emu Bay into the interior to the Hampshire Hills, some twenty to thirty miles distant, a block of land of twenty thousand acres, also belonging to the Company.

Ascending the hill alongside the Emu, you

pass through the cleared land of Mr. Gibson's property, and, skirting by the farm of Mr. Rouse, you enter on a tract of land, now used as the Company's grazing farm, originally cleared by settlers, now removed to Birnie.

The way from thence leads through a dense forest, the ground gradually rising till you reach the Hampshire Hills and St. Mary's Plains, where there is a large extent of open country of good pasture land. At the former place the Company have laid out a large sum of money in farm houses, gardens, and other improvements.

The most common tree of the forest is of the Eucalyptus species, particularly the white topped, which grows to an immense size, and is the most valuable. The Fagus, or native myrtle tree, generally accompanied by the fern tree, is frequently met with in



the interior, indicating the best soil, of a rich reddish brown. The musk and sassafrass trees, remarkable for their graceful beauty, are not uncommon ; also the celery-topped pine, of a large size. The Carpodontos box, or cheese wood, of beautiful description, is found in the Emu Bay forest ; also the Acacia, or black wood, which is the finest cabinet wood in Tasmania. Along the northern coast are quantities of the black and silver wattle, with, occasionally, the fragrant and aromatic wood, Alyxia.

Upon the low grounds along the coast the rocks are almost always of a primitive character, and the soil sandy and barren. But immediately upon leaving the parts adjacent to the sea, the volcanic soil appears, the rocks being of a trap and basaltic kind. This forms into ridges, and runs down to the sea, forming headlands before mentioned. Near Emu Bay is found

granite and syenite rock; also, in some places, quartz and slate.

The way to Circular Head from Emu Bay leads in a devious track along the sea coast and over precipitous densely forest-clad hills, having several dangerous fords to cross on your way.

But as Circular Head is our final resting place, we must devote our concluding chapter to the last day's journey there—first conducting the reader to the inland mountains and country to the westward of Emu Bay, beyond the Hampshire Hills.

## CHAPTER XX.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods—  
There is a rapture in the lonely shore—  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell!—a word that must and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!  
Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
A single recollection; not in vain  
He wore his sandal shoon, and scallop-shell.  
Farewell! with him alone may rest the pain,  
If such there were—with you, the moral of his strain!

—Byron.

To the admirer of nature, and the lover of  
the sublime and picturesque, or a wandering  
in the primeval glades of the trackless

forest, no place in the island affords a finer field than a sojourn at Emu Bay; and as the inhabitants of this retired spot are ever ready to supply the stranger with every information and directions, with ever cordial hospitality, one's taste in that way can be gratified to the full extent. The naturalist, geologist, and botanist could here spend many a day in searches and discoveries in the vast woods and towering hills teeming with the objects of their pursuit and study.

Ere we proceed to our destination we must conduct the reader back to the Don, in order to describe the midland road that leads from Deloraine to this point, and also to the Hampshire Hills. For the most part, the former track is over fine level plains, and a light sandy soil, which, with the well-trained and all-enduring horses of the bush, you are able to

canter on all day. During the summer weather this route is far preferable, and there is more than one comfortable halting place on the way. But in winter, or after heavy rain, it is almost impracticable; and the traveller has often to wait for days ere the rivers are fordable, which, at other times, you have no difficulty in doing. By this route you cross the Mersey twice, and at the upper ford, a track, called the Company's Road, leads in a westerly direction along the head of Emu Plains, a large wild tract of open country, of rather scanty and poor herbage, till you enter on the Middlesex Plains, of far superior quality, watered by the Forth and its tributaries, the property of the Van Diemen's Land Company, but now rented by the Mr. Fields before alluded to.

Crossing this plain, you again enter the thick forest, and pass over several high hills.

Seen in the distance, to the north, is the lofty peak of Mount Tor; also Bluff Mountain. To the left, crossing Hounslow Heath, you see a very high headland, and ford the Vale River, which runs into the Mackintosh, supposed to be a large and navigable river, running into the sea above Macquarie Harbour.

Crossing several small streams, and through some deep ravines thickly covered with scrub and the myrtle tree, you turn towards the north for some miles; then taking a westerly direction through more open country, you at last reach the Company's station on the Surrey Hills, now tenanted by the herdsmen of the Mr. Fields, who have innumerable herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazing on the fine pasture lands they rent from the Company. Mr. Sprent, in his notes, than whom none have seen more, or have a clearer

knowledge of Tasmania, states :—" From Middlesex Plains towards Cradle Mount the country rapidly rises, forming Hounslow Heath, an extensive barren plain, covered with very coarse grass, the rocks principally quartz. Beyond this, you enter Cradle Valley through a sand heath scrub, to the foot of the mountain, which may be ranked amongst the highest in the colony. The Barn Bluff, not far distant, is also of great height. There all is barrenness in every direction; but still it is a country highly interesting to the geologist, but little so to the settler.

"Returning by Hounslow Heath to Middlesex Plains, you meet land of a far different character, generally of a volcanic description. Ten thousand acres belong to the Van Diemen's Land Company; but there is also in this locality a considerable

quantity of very valuable crown land. This land is very elevated, and forms part of the high table land running southerly to Cradle Mount. To the southward of the Company's boundary the country is poor and heathy, full of large and abrupt ravines. To the south-east is a very high range of hills, terminating in Black Bluff. This is the highest point towards the north, being four thousand feet above the level of the sea."

From the Black Bluff you have a most extensive view over an immense tract of country, of very different features and quality. Here you see extending before you, spread out in grand panoramic display, miles upon miles of thickly forest-covered hills. The rich grass-covered plains of Middlesex lie at your feet to all appearance, though many a weary league from you. Beyond the towering range of lofty moun-



tains on the other side, are barren heaths and desert wilds ; and over the country, far and near, you can trace the several courses of many rivers, the deep ravines and mantling rocks, and the immense forest, still bounding your vision, rising over the Eldon group, far far away to the west.

Leaving the Black Range, and following the Company's track, which is not always so easily to be found, you pass over the Vale of Belvoir, a very beautiful valley, with the Lake Lea at the upper end. A stream from this lake forms one of the tributaries of the Forth, whilst at the other side another stream issues, and, taking a south-westerly course, probably runs into the Pieman, or King's River.

The Surrey Hills contain one hundred and fifty thousand acres, part of the grant to the Van Diemen's Land Company. It is

a very singular tract of country, and parts fine good land of a volcanic character, with rich alluvial soil, covered with grass, and well sheltered for grazing purposes, intersected by numberless rivulets and deep gullies. Amidst these hills, the Hellyer and Arthur take their rise; also, on the western side, the Huskisson, running into the Mackintosh. Beyond this range is a wild and undiscovered country of very varied character, if one may judge from the extensive landscape seen from the top of Mount Bishcroft, to the west of the Surrey Hills.

Thence the track leads through the centre of the Company's land, over the Hellyer, till you reach the Cam, here a small stream, and enter on the Hampshire Hills, before spoken of; conspicuous from which is seen the lofty height of St. Valentine's Peak, to the west.

The timber around this part of the country is chiefly myrtle, the soil good, and the rocks volcanic ; though, in some places, they appear of the primitive character. Small gravel quartz has also been found in this locality.

We now proceed on our way to Circular Head, chiefly along the sea by Parish's Harbour, a small safe cove for boats, till you ford the Cam, at low water, four miles distant from the township of Birnie and Emu Bay. The Cam is a small river ; but at high water can be entered by vessels of from forty to fifty tons, with free navigation and good anchorage for several miles. The land near the sea is very inferior, but a little inland and its nature changes considerably, and the volcanic strata commences. There is some very high land along this coast, rocky and precipitous, covered with thick forest ; and as you approach the Inglis.

passing over the extreme end of a long chain of hills which run inland, you meet heathy land, poor and ferny. The Inglis, also fordable at low water, is not so large as the Cam. You again touch on some good land, and several clearings beyond the river.

Table Bay runs out to seaward, a high level land, with bold bluff cliff, but good shelter from westerly gales. Five hundred acres of this level promontory, now densely covered with forest, is reserved for a township. Some of the land seems of good quality.

From the Inglis to the Sister's Creek, or rivulet, for about six or seven miles along the coast, the land is good ; but after this it becomes of a wretched sandy soil, bearing some muscular grass trees, and stunted honeysuckles of a very peculiar appearance.

From the Sisters to the Detention River the country is almost a desert ; and standing on the high hill near Rocky Cape, you can see nought but barren hills running inland for many miles.

From Detention River the land is poor and unpromising ; but as the hills further to the westward are covered with good timber, there may be better land in the interior, though it has never been explored. These hills are of slight elevation, and not of difficult access. Between the Black River and Deep Creek the Company have a block of land of twenty thousand acres in extent, a promontory connected to the mainland by a narrow belt—our destination, Circular Head.

But ere we cross the isthmus which conducts you there and to the town of Stanley, we must visit Woolnorth, another large tract

of the Company's land, and Cape Grim, the north-west point of Tasmania. From the Deep Creek to the Duck River the land is poor and heathy, and from the high ground it appears to run inland of the same barren and useless description. The Duck River empties itself into a large bay, with a good entrance, well sheltered and land-locked. This barren and heathy country continues to the Montague River, which forms the boundary of the Woolnorth Station, of one hundred thousand acres in extent. A great part of it, however, is low and swampy. Standing upon Mount Cameron, the highest land on the western coast of Woolnorth, an extensive tract of heathy plains and barren country stretches out before you, looking easterly ; but to the west and north the soil assumes a more volcanic character, and there are several thousand acres of good grass land extending

to Cape Grim, near to which is Trefoil Island, of rich and valuable quality.

The western coast is poor and barren in the extreme, and possesses one monotonous character of sandy heaths and low swampy lands, extending down to the Arthur, and along the coast to the Pieman River. These rivers are deep and navigable, but dangerous of entrance, from the tremendous rolling surf ever prevailing along the western coast.

Returning from Woolnorth, where there are some three or four families only, we cross the isthmus into Circular Head, and by a good road along the East Bay enter the pretty and rising town of Stanley, where a good and comfortable hotel rewards the weary traveller after all the adventures and hardships of his wanderings in the bush. Mr. Whitebread's establishment is a fine large stone-built house, with many good and

well-furnished rooms, and every attention paid to his guests. There are three other inns in the town. There is a neat stone-built church, and about eight hundred inhabitants in the village and its vicinity. Stanley is very prettily situated in the valley, facing a safe and commodious bay in the centre of which there is a very curious abutment, from which the region takes its name. At first it appears a large rock ; but on nearer approach you find it a regular promontory, with a high bluff border facing the sea, and almost perpendicular. It is about four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and on the top are several acres of good land covered with timber. A narrow neck of land from the inner side leads up to the good land above, and from it you have a charming view of the town, and the very pretty residence of the Company's chief agent, Mr. James Gibson. High Field, as it is called, is about



a mile from Stanley, on the high lands behind the township. The house is a good and a substantial one, and the stranger is sure to find there a hearty welcome. The grounds are very tastily laid out, and a magnificent park, quite in the English style, spreads far out before you, kept in good order, and well stocked with herds of deer. In the park may also be seen the emu, a bird once common on this coast, now rarely to be met with. There are about two thousand acres of cultivated land in the block. Several small vessels trade between Stanley and Launceston, and a steamer is now being started to trade here, and at all the townships along the northern coast, westward of George Town.

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And now, kind and courteous reader, our task is over, and, arrived at our destination, we must say "farewell." If we have

awakened some degree of interest by our details, and gained a friend for Tasmania, the object of our toil is accomplished. Though we feel that many parts of the work we now cast on the waves of public opinion may merit censure, yet we trust much to the kindness and forbearance of that public for whose benefit we have taken up our pen. We do not arrogate to ourselves even a name amongst authors. We are but an humble reciter of our own adventures, and a compiler from the generosity of others, whose assistance we now gratefully acknowledge, feeling that to them we owe much of the most valuable information of the work. In a passing sketch, such as we have undertaken, it was not possible to enter into detail of very many matters connected with the colony; neither were we able, during our short sojourn here, to visit many a place worthy of note and interest. We hesitated not, therefore, to seek assist-

ance from others, whom we thought would gladly respond to our call. Many, indeed have done so, and we have not failed to acknowledge their kindness; but others, from whose knowledge of the country and their own immediate locality we hoped and expected much, verily promised to assist us; but their promises were forgotten. If, however, we are received kindly, and our efforts before you please, it will be a proud and happy day for us again to come before you; and we feel equally confident, that, though this work may not merit praise, yet, if it receive not rebuke and censure, others will also enter the field, and follow in our track. Each year, changes, of considerable magnitude, will, beyond all question of doubt, take place in Tasmania; and what we see to-day will assume a different appearance, and require a different description, to-morrow. The forest-clad township of this year may become a well-

inhabited town the next. Steamers will glide on waters not now even known ; and roads, and, perchance, railroads, will, ere many years, pass over the now impervious track, or the mountain steep. We are, therefore, nought but an humble pioneer, and, once more craving your kind indulgence, we close our work with a kind "Farewell !"

HOBART TOWN,  
18th July, 1854.



# APPENDIX.

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[A.]

## CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

### ANNUAL COMMEMORATION.

THE Seventh Annual Commemoration of the foundation of this Institution was held on Thursday, the 15th ultimo. The day was very fine, and the intense heat of the sun was tempered throughout the day by a cool and steady breeze. In addition to the ordinary circumstances of this ceremony, there was on this occasion one of peculiar interest—we mean the resignation of the late Warden and the induction of his successor. This may have been partly a reason why so large a company assembled at the College, a company more numerous than has been witnessed since its opening. About half-past ten the Bishop, who was the earliest arrival, was seen approaching, and his carriage was speedily followed by a long train of vehicles and horsemen—nor was it until long past eleven that the last detachment of visitors had arrived. Amongst the numerous assemblage which enlivened and embellished the College precincts, we discovered many who, in various capacities, had been themselves inhabitants

within its walls ; and it was highly gratifying to observe the obvious interest which they took in all matters connected with their former "alma mater." Shortly after eleven the proceedings of the day commenced with the usual morning service in the chapel, at which the late Warden said prayers, and the lessons were read by the Divinity Fellow in waiting for the week (Mr. Adams.) Those who are admirers of sacred music had a great treat in the performance on the organ by the Rev. W. A. Brooke, whose accompaniments to the chanting of the service were of a very superior description, adding very much to the impressiveness of that solemn and beautiful ritual. It was immediately after the conclusion of this service that the distinguished ceremony of the day occurred, to which we have before alluded : this consisted in the late Warden, Rev. S. B. Windsor, M.A., Oxon, resigning his office into the hands of the Bishop as Visitor, and afterwards presenting to his Lordship the Rev. P. V. M. Filleul, M.A., Oxon, to be his successor in the Wardenship. Mr. Filleul being duly inducted, next presented to the Bishop the Rev. W. A. Brooke, B.A., Cambridge, for appointment to the office of Sub-warden, with whose induction, after the usual forms, the chapel service for the day terminated.

The party then adjourned to the upper school-room, in which the secular part of the proceedings was to be transacted. Here, as soon as the Bishop and assemblage had taken their places, the late Warden proceeded to deliver his usual Latin speech, which, as being on this occasion his farewell oration before the College, he pronounced in a voice often broken by emotion.

Archdeacon Davies then rose, and furnished, as is his wont, an account of the receipts and expenditure of the last year. He first produced the household accounts, which reflected great credit on the Rev. C. Garnsey, the new bursar. He explained that during the first six months the expenditure exceeded the income more than £800, in conse-

quence of the great rise in the cost of all articles of domestic supply ; an appeal was then made to the parents and guardians of the pupils for an increased payment of 50 per cent. on the former charges, which was universally and readily responded to. He next produced Mr. Wedge's account of permanent improvements on the College estate, which must be effected to the amount of £200 annually. Four hundred and sixty-four rods of fencing had been erected during the past year, and there are now ready for carting from the forest 7000 posts and rails, which, when erected, may be valued at £300. It is proposed during the next year, to erect a brick cottage on one of the farms, the tenant paying a certain portion of the expenses ; and the draining of the large lagoon will, it is hoped, be completed, as the landed proprietors, who are equally interested with the College authorities, have consented to share the expense. This will give an addition of 200 acres of valuable land to the College Estate. The next paper he laid on the table was the probable value of the College Estates at the present time :—

3400 acres at Bishopsbourne, at £10 per acre	£34,000	0	0
400 acres at New Town, at £5 per acre . . . .	2,000	0	0
120 acres at New Norfolk, at £5 per acre . .	1,200	0	0
50 acres at the Huon, at £5 per acre . . . .	250	0	0
	<hr/>		
	37,450	0	0
From which is to be deducted the sum of . .	6,000	0	0*
	<hr/>		
Leaving a balance of	£31,450	0	0
	<hr/>		

In favour of the College. He then handed to the Visitor the Balance Sheet for the last year.

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\* Money lent from the Missionary Fund.



*Receipts.*

Balance from 1852 .....	£21	5	0
Rents—Bishopscourne .....	1145	0	0
Acanthe farm .....	40	0	0
Huon farm .....	27	10	0
From pupils .....	1675	10	9
Sale of produce .....	50	0	0
Proceeds on draft for £1000 S. P. C. K. ....	970	0	0
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ..	200	0	0
Donations—Bishop of Tasmania .....	£100		
Sir W. Denison .....	40		
Rev. W. Heaketh .....	5		
Dr. Whitfield .....	15	160	0 0
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		£4289	5 9

*Expenditure.*

Household Expenses .....	2612	0	11
Improvement of College property .....	200	0	0
Loan to Hutchins School .....	300	0	0
Salaries—Warden .....	£311	10	
Gell Fellow .....	100	0	
Three divinity fellows ..	90	0	
Master of junior school..	52	10	554 0 0
Interest to Missionary Fund .....		180	0 0
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		3846	0 11
To balance .....		443	4 10
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		£4289	5 9

The Archdeacon again rose and said that he took this opportunity to explain that the lease of the land on which

the present buildings were erected would expire in two or three years ; that great complaints had been made that the College was not in some more central situation. The Trustees accordingly applied to His Excellency Sir W. Denison, for a site, similar to that granted to the Hutchins and High Schools, and suggested Tunbridge as the most central situation. The Lieutenant-Governor immediately acceded to the request, and expressed his hope to see a building erected worthy of the Institution and of the colony. His Excellency also added that he thought " Tunbridge, as suggested by the Trustees, the best situation, from its being central, dry, and healthy : from there being capital building stone in the vicinity, and because arrangements might easily be made to convey an ample supply of water to the College." It was to this his friend the Ex-warden referred in speaking of new buildings on a fresh site. Ever since Sir W. Denison arrived in the colony he has been the true friend of education, and in an especial manner of this Institution. He alluded not to the willingness with which he responded to the application of the Trustees, nor his liberality in giving £40 a year for the last six years—but the confidence he has exhibited by placing his two sons here to be educated, a step which he most certainly never would have taken, if he believed the nature of the education afforded here to be of that semi-Romish character which it has been represented to have been by persons who have never taken the trouble to inquire for themselves. He then, appealing to the Ex-warden, after prefacing it with a few words of warm and friendly hope and gratulation, presented him with an Address from the Fellows and Students of the College. A similar address was afterwards presented from the parents and guardians of the pupils, and others interested in the welfare and prosperity of Christ's College.

The Lord Bishop then, as Visitor, said that it was with unmixed pleasure that he had now the satisfactory task of distributing prizes to those students who had distinguished themselves for proficiency during the preceding half-year and

at the examination just concluded. The following young gentlemen then presented themselves :—

First Prize .....	Pedder.
Mathematical Prize .....	Davies.
First Prize (2nd remove) .....	Arthur.
Second Prize (2nd remove) .....	Mason.
First Prize (2nd division).....	Dumaresq.
Second Prize (2nd division).....	Bedford.

*Junior School.*

First Prize .....	Gates.
Second Prize .....	Denison.
French Prize .....	Pitcairn.

An extra prize was given by the Warden to Mr. C. Arthur, as being the best behaved youth in the establishment, inasmuch as he was the example in his conduct and demeanour to all the others, and he did not doubt it would be their own estimate of Charles Arthur's character and conduct.

Here the proceedings closed, and the numerous party adjourned to the gardens till a substantial and very elegant lunch invited them to the dining-hall. Everybody was pleased; and thus ended a day at the College of as much interest as has ever been created since its foundation, and by five o'clock the numerous and brilliant assemblage which had given so animated an appearance to the College during the earlier part of the day were all dispersed.

[B.]

A LIST

*Of the Public Schools in Tasmania in connexion with the Church of England receiving aid from the Government, 31st December, 1853.*

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
1 <i>Brighton</i> , Broad Marsh, James Reddish....	18	13	31
2 ——— Pontville, B. Swift .....	27	16	43
3 <i>Campbell Town</i> , Campbell Town, S. Stanton	24	11	35
4 ——— Ross, James Stephens ....	21	10	31
5 <i>George Town</i> , George Town, Mrs. J. Fraser	25	18	43
6 <i>Hamilton</i> , Hamilton, Mrs. E. Roberts.....	9	23	32

		Boys.	Girls.	Total.
7	<i>Hobart Town</i> , Bethesda, Mrs. A. Pearsall	43	67	110
8	————— Campbell-st., Miss Everest ..	—	60	60
9	————— St. David's, T. Richards....	80	63	143
10	————— St. George's, Benj. Bray ....	77	40	117
11	————— St. James's, John Hobden ..	49	3	52
12	————— Goulburn-street, W. Milner	74	40	114
13	————— Trinity Hill, T. E. Wilson ..	42	—	42
14	————— Girls, Mrs. M. Manser ..	—	53	53
15	————— Infants, Miss Dowdle ....	27	26	53
16	————— New Town, T. Creswell ....	31	17	48
17	————— Girls, Mrs. E. Stephens ..	10	23	33
18	————— O'Brien's Bridge, S. Hughes	34	25	59
19	————— Sandy Bay, C. F. Creswell..	17	14	31
20	<i>Horton</i> , Circular Head, Mrs. Jordan .....	—	18	18
21	————— Forest, Charles Johnston .....	16	9	25
22	<i>Huon</i> , Flight's Bay, Alexander Maclean ..	11	1	12
23	<i>Launceston</i> , Brisbane-street, Mrs. Stainforth	20	30	50
24	————— Elizabeth-street, F. Wathen ..	67	19	86
25	————— Cameron-street, J. Richards ..	74	63	137
26	————— Frankland-street, D. Burston..	33	15	48
27	<i>Longford</i> , Longford, R. S. Bird .....	44	—	44
28	————— Girls, Miss E. Thompson ....	—	20	20
29	————— Perth, Edward Anstice .....	25	18	43
30	<i>Morven</i> , Evandale, Mrs. Sherlock .....	2	5	7
31	<i>New Norfolk</i> , New Norfolk, W. Matthews	15	12	27
32	————— Dry Creek, Wm. Perry.....	7	5	12
33	————— Bridgewater, W. Wilkinson..	9	24	33
34	<i>Richmond</i> , Richmond, John Frost .....	12	—	12
35	————— Jerusalem, Miss J. Tolmey ....	7	5	12
36	<i>Sorell</i> , Sorell, George Peacock .....	20	18	38
37	————— Forcett, Frederick Holmes .....	16	7	23
38	————— Bream Creek, John Goodman .....	15	8	23
39	<i>Swanport</i> , Swansea, Mrs. H. Collis.....	13	11	24
40	<i>Westbury</i> , Westbury, John Nottage .....	22	12	34
41	————— Girls, Mrs. S. Clements .....	3	26	29
Boys, 1039. Girls, 848. Total, 1887.				

[C.]  
STATISTICS OF THE DIOCESE OF TASMANIA.

NAME OF PLACE AND CLERGYMAN.		ARCHDEACONRY OF HOBART TOWN.										Pew Rents.	Bap- tisms.	Mar- riages.	Burials.
Church- room.	No. of Attend- ants.	No. of Commu- nicants.	Average attend- ance.	No. of Sunday Services.	Offer- tory and Special Cols.	Amount rec'd. from Col. Treas.	Amount rec'd. from other sources.								
St. David's, Hobart Town { Archdeacon Davies, B.A.	1400*	250	75	3	£723	£325+	£341	£251s	236	101	211				
St. John's, Rev. F. H. Cox, M.A.	170	71	35	3	100	..	415	..	51	6					
St. George's, Rev. H. P. Fry, D.D.	520	90	15	3	170	230	320	57	101	305	111				
Trinity, Rev. W. Brickwood	400	60	41	2	91	175	156	65	78	44	204				
Cascades, Rev. D. Galer	675	..	25	4	..	..	502	..	35		51				
Penitentiary, Rev. J. G. Medland	500	90	50	2	28	..	400	..							
New Town, Rev. T. J. Ewing	320	56	30	2	112	275	153	71	20	22	28				
Pontville, Rev. J. Burrows, B.A.	100	30	10	3	17	230	40	25	23	16	13				
Huon River, Rev. R. Crooke, B.A.	75	..	..	..	..	..	200	..	17	17	8				
Oatlands, Rev. J. L. Ison, B.A.	115	..	16	3	42	200	49	12	37	23	27				
Green Ponds, Rev. W. Trollope, M.A.	100	18	12	2	31	230	10	12	10	6	15				
Clarence Plains, Rev. W. W. Murray, M.A.	80	25	13	2	8	230	16	14	21	16	17				
Richmond, Rev. J. T. Gelibrand, M.A.	140	30	12	2	28	230	25	19	19	10	25				
Swansea, Rev. J. Mayson	40	22	5	2	1	230	73	13	21	9	11				
Macquarie Plains, Rev. W. M. Hesketh, M.A.	150	35	26	..	19	..	260	..	20	18	7				
Impression Bay, Rev. S. B. Fookes	300	37	11	2	2	..	279	..	11	3	20				
Port Arthur, Rev. J. Gurney	500	50	10	2	2	..	275	..	5	..	9				
Kingston, Rev. E. Freeman, M.A.	38	26	7	2	..	230	23	..	14	22	12				
Hamilton, Rev. G. Wright	390	15	10	2	18	230	40	8	20	12	12				
Sorell, Rev. J. Norman	200	22	11	3	2	254	94	27	43	26	16				
New Norfolk, Rev. J. B. Seaman, B.A.	350	110	30	2	28	200	56	14	31	17	53				
O'Brien's Bridge, Rev. W. R. Bennett	120	90	13	2	26	..	145	8	19	8	19				
Prosser's Plains, Rev. C. Dobson	124	60	6	2	13	230	4	..	17	1	5				
Ross, Rev. G. Eastman	80	10	..	..	..	..	400	..	..	..	..				
Broadmarsh, Rev. B. Ball	20	7	5	2	6	230	..	5	9	7	3				
Campbell Town, Rev. W. Bedford, B.A.	110	47	34	2	76	310	28	57	42	29	32				

St. John's, Launceston, Rev. J. M. Norman.....	600	650	..	52	2	286	370	40	171	84	37	55
Trinity, Rev. J. Yarker, S.C.L.....	500	600	110	40	2	191	230	165	140	103	42	52
Penitentiary, Rev. G. Giles, L.L.D.....	250	150	..	..	2	150	250	..	..	8	..	63
Longford, { Rev. W. Tancred, M.A. ....	540	247	40	28	3	66	200	229	41	53	20	56
{ Rev. D. Boyd.....	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	50	..	..	..	..
Windermere, Rev. P. Lockton, B.A. ....	150	50	12	5	2	6	280	3	..	12	2	5
Cullenswood, Rev. S. Parsons, M.A.....	150	156	35	26	3	26	..	239	17	13	13	4
Carrick, Rev. A. Barkway.....	210	100	10	6	2	19	..	100	16	13	3	11
Bishopsbourne † { Rev. P. V. Filleul, M.A. ....	150	50	8	..	..	..	..	300	..	..	..	..
{ Rev. W. A. Brooke, B.A. ....	..	..	..	..	2	20	..	200	..	9	4	2
{ Rev. C. F. Garney.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	..	..	..	..
Lake River, Rev. T. B. Garlick.....	..	86	30	17	..	..	..	275	..	6	4	2
Avoca, Rev. W. Richardson, B.A. ....	300	65	33	15	2	3	200	10	7	7	9	6
Newenham, Rev. G. B. Smith.....	150	65	15	15	2	..	..	150	5	..	..	..
Evandale, Rev. A. C. Thomson.....	520	150	22	12	3	10	200	12	30	24	6	16
George Town, Rev. J. Fereday, M.A.....	150	45	13	6	2	14	200	20	10	8	3	5
White Hills, Rev. F. Brownrigg, B.A.....	230	85	11	7	2	5	300	..	21	14	3	9
Westbury, Rev. M. Williams.....	400	135	..	25	3	5	200	50	27	21	19	10
Perth, Rev. A. Stackhouse, M.A.....	550	230	35	33	3	57	230	..	38	16	7	13
Emu Bay, Rev. C. P. Pocock.....	80	35	8	5	2	34	..	230	..	3	..	1
Circular Head, Rev. T. N. Grigg, B.A.....	370	210	..	15	3	2	230	..	20	21	2	6

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15119	10712	1326	780	96	2437	6889	7189	1211	1305	896	1225
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\* This column is calculated by the numbers stated to attend at the Sunday Services : thus, at St. David's, the attendance at Morning Service is returned at 600 ; in the afternoon at 200 ; in the evening at 600 ; and the gross amount of 1400 is inserted. At Cullenswood—the returns show an attendance of 87 at Cullenswood ; 32 at Fingal ; and 37 at Falmouth : the total amount 156 is therefore inserted.

† In addition to the sums mentioned in this column as received from the Colonial Treasury, the forage allowance and the temporary increase are to be added. The former is £80 per annum for Clergymen residing in the country, and £100 in the towns of Hobart Town, Launceston, and George Town. The increase is fifty per cent on existing salaries.

‡ In all money columns the fractions of a pound are omitted.

§ These Clergymen are attached to Christ's College, and receive their incomes from the endowment of that Institution.

[D.]

TASMANIAN CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS,  
HELD IN LONDON 1851.

MINERAL—Ores, &c.

**Plumbago** (black lead), contributed by Mr. Abraham Walker, Creekton, Norfolk Plains. Found in a shaft sunk in pursuit of indications of galena and copper ore in a seam or vein about 5 inches thick, traversing schistose clay, overlying old quartz and crystalline limestone in which the lodes of lead and copper are expected to be won.

**Limestone with galena**, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Norfolk Plains, at the foot of the western range of mountains near Quamby's Bluff, Van Diemen's Land.

**Brown clay iron ore**, by Mr. J. Milligan, from near Fingal, Tullochgorum estate, South Esk valley.

**Clay iron-stone**, by Mr. J. Milligan, from near Fingal, in beds alternating with bituminous coal, near the Douglas River, on the East Coast, Van Diemen's Land.

**Reddle, red ochre, or red chalk**, by Mr. J. Milligan, from near Launceston; occurs in masses of uniform and determinate shape, imbedded in alluvium of loam and earth.

**Ore of iron, magnetic**, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Hampshire Hills, nearly pure iron, semi-crystalline, highly magnetic with polarity: occurs in masses in the line of contact between granite and basalt.

**Ore of iron**, by Mr. J. Milligan. Found in nodules with quartz in granite soil, near the Housetop Mountain, north-west of Van Diemen's Land: formerly used by the aborigines as a paint, being first peroxidised by roasting, and then reduced to a fine powder by grinding between two stones.

**Ore of magnanese**, by Mr. J. Milligan, from the vicinity of the Frenchman's Cap Mountain.

**Iron ore** by Mr. J. Milligan, from Long Bay; occurs in a bed about 7 or 8 feet thick, over sandstone, at the foot of greenstone hills.

**Galena and iron ore**, (3 specimens), by Mr. R. De Little, from Tamar River, found near York Town, over limestone.

Galena, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Macquarie Harbour, occurs in a vein in mountain limestone in the channel of the Franklin River.

Red ochre, yellow ochre, and marle, (specimens of), by His Excellency Sir W. Denison, from Norfolk Island, resulting from the decomposition of a jasperous ore of iron.

*Chemical Products, and Substances used in Manufactures.*

Coal (2 bushels), by the Douglas River Coal Company; sample of the strong bituminous coal on the east coast of Van Diemen's Land, traceable over a large area of country, in seams varying in thickness, from a few inches to ten feet and upwards.

Salt (box of) 2 sorts: coarse for pickling, and table or basket salt, from Mr. R. Strachan, Bonnington, Van Diemen's Land: a fine-looking sample, from which the magnesian salts are said to be thoroughly separated.

Box of soap, by Mr. Richard Cleburne, Murray-street, Hobart Town; considered much superior in quality to the best English soap imported into Van Diemen's Land.

Guanos, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Babel Island; brought by coasting craft from Babel Island, Bass's Straits.

Limestone, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Fingal and Break-o'-Day, valley of the South Esk River, Van Diemen's Land.

Limestone, by Sir William Denison, from Maria Island; occurs as an efflorescence in caverns in the clayey rocks.

Alum, by Mr. J. E. Bicheno, from near Bridgewater; found in caverns on the side of the Dromedary Mountain, near the Derwent.

Epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia), by Lieutenant Smith, R.N., from the Gordon River, where the formation is traceable nearly 50 miles.

Limestone, by Mr. J. Milligan, obtained near the Western Marshes, at a spot famous for very extensive caverns.

Limestone, by Mr. J. E. Bicheno, Mersey River.

Limestone, by Mr. H. Hull, from Mount Wellington Range, between Hobart Town and Bridgewater.

*Stones, &c., for Building, and for Personal Decoration, &c.*

Hones for edged tools, from Mount Wellington and Constitution Hill, a sort of whet-slate, in common use amongst carpenters in Hobart Town as an oil-stone for sharpening tools.



Marble, partially dressed, by Mr. W. Strutt, Bathurst-street, Hobart Town, from Maria Island. From the great extent of the Maria Island limestone beds, and the variety of shells, encrinurites, &c., enclosed, fine specimens of marble will be ultimately obtained thence.

Specimen of grey granite, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Flinder's Island, Bass's Strait, eastern side; granite prevails there on most of the islands. Also, from the east coast of Van Diemen's Land, abundant between the Scamander and George's River; a fine-grained, very hard and compact rock. And another specimen from Hampshire Hills, north-west quarter V. D. Land Company's ground.

Porphyritic granite, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Wabb's Harbour, east coast of Van Diemen's Land. Garnets and schorl are met with in granite at this place.

Specimen of calcareous grit, by Sir W. Denison.

Iron-sand—a fine emery-like substance, by Mr. John Abbott; occurs in thin layers upon the sea shore at Long Bay, in D'Entrecasteaux Channel; a deposit from water passing through ironstone beds, percolating the soil, and depositing the metallic matter where it comes in contact with the salt water.

Wood opal, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Salt Pan Plains: occurs in fragments of various sizes, scattered upon the surface of the soil, over greenstone and sandstone.

Rock crystal (25 specimens), by Mr. J. Milligan. Found in angular pieces in the peaty soil over granite, and in rolled pieces, on the sea coast of Cape Barren and Flinder's Island, in Bass's Straits.

Beryl—aqua marine (20 specimens), by Mr. J. Milligan, varying from soft to very hard, and from blue to light green: in crystals and fragments more or less rounded and roughened, but having a brilliant lustre on the fracture.

Topaz—straw-coloured (30 specimens), by Mr. J. Milligan, from Flinder's Island and Bass's Straits, in crystals and fragments more or less worn, but possessing a high polish and great transparency: hard enough to cut glass.

Topaz—yellow (30 specimens), by Mr. J. Milligan, from same locality. Crystals exhibit, more or less perfectly, the natural facets and angles, and possess, with a brilliant lustre, very considerable depth of tint.

Topaz—pink-coloured (30 specimens), by Mr. J. Milligan.

Carnelian, by Mr. Geo. Kemp, from margin of Derwent, opposite Hobart Town,

Jet or lignite, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Macquarie Harbour. In the cliffs embedded with this is a fossil resin, of a rich amber colour, and agreeable perfume.

Specimen of greenstone, by Mr. J. Milligan, from Fingal, V.D. Land, having dendritic forms upon it. This is a fair sample of the prevailing overlying rock of which all the roads are made and some houses and bridges are built.

*VEGETABLE.—Agricultural Produce.*

Box of Apples, by Mr. James Dixon, Skelton Castle, Isis, V. D. Land. More fruits are dried on the northern than the southern side of V. D. Land; but the last two summers have been unfavourable, from the unusually low temperature.

Box of starch—the box made of figured Huon pine, by Mr. William Murray, Hobart Town. There are now several starch manufactories in Hobart Town, and the commodity is little, if at all, inferior to that from England.

Box of arrow-root, by Sir W. Denison, from Norfolk Island; has the reputation of being the finest arrow-root brought into Tasmania.

Box of maize, by Sir W. Denison, from same locality; a very fine sample,

Wheat—Farmer's Friend, a small bag weighing 63lbs. gross; White Velvet ditto, 116 lbs.; James's Essex, ditto, 60 lbs.; Golden Drop ditto, 28 lbs.; White Kent ditto, 23 lbs.; and Mother of Plenty ditto, 42 lbs., by Sir William Denison, from Tasman's Peninsula; also White Lammas, 66 lbs., from Salt Water River, 1 bag marked G., and a bag of oats marked G., by Mr. G. Marshall, Noble Farm, Pittwater; Chidham Wheat, by Sir William Denison. Cask of velvet wheat, Mr. A. M'Naughten. Cask White Lammas, 60 lbs. per bushel, by Mr. F. Lipscombe. Cask of white Talavera, by Mr. M'Naughten. Cask of wheat, by Mr. John Walker, Barrack-street, Hobart Town, cask made of silver wattle, with hoops of young wattle. Two casks of wheat by Brown and Co., New Wharf; one made of Huon pine, hooped with black wattle (*Acacia Molissima*); and the other of blackwood, with hoops of black wattle.

Cask malt, by Mr. Edwin Tooth, Bagdad, cask made of blackwood staves and iron hoops. Small cask malt, by Mr. Patterson, Liverpool-street, Hobart Town.

Cask pearl barley, by Mr. John Walker, Barrack-street, Hobart Town; cask made of silver wattle and wattle hoops.

Cask of flour, by Mr. Henry Clayton, Wickford Steam Mills, Norfolk Plains. Cask of fine flour, by Mr. John Walker, Barrack-street, Hobart Town, cask made of silver wattle, with hoops of young wattle. Three casks superfine V. D. L. flour, by Mr. M'Naughten.

Cask of biscuit, by Mr. A. M. Milligan, Launceston; sea biscuit, manufactured in Launceston of Tasmanian flour. Cask of seaman's common biscuit, and another of ship's fine, by Mr. Brock, Macquarie-street, Hobart Town. Mr. Brock supplies whalers and others to a large extent.

Tasmanian hops, by Mr. C. T. Smith.

Prepared groats, by Mr. Harpur, Launceston; in 6 tin canisters, much superior to the groats imported from England, and to be obtained for less than half the price.

*Mytilus Australis*, by Mr. Dunn, Davey-street. Obtained on the "Snug" estate, near N. W. Bay, D'Entrecasteaux Channel, "Native Bread of Tasmania," grows underground like the truffle in England, and, like it, has a peculiar smell; edible, having formed, in a half-roasted state, a portion of the diet of the aborigines. Has been tried with approval in soup and in puddings by Europeans. This specimen of Mr. Dunn's is unusually large, having weighed 14 lbs. 2 oz. in 1846; it still weighs 10 lbs. 10 oz. Another large specimen, by Mr. T. Y. Lowes, obtained near Glenorchy 17 years ago.

Coffee, by Sir William Denison, from Norfolk Island.

*Tanning Substances, Gums, Spices, and Miscellaneous.*

Concentrated solution of Mimosa (wattle) bark, extracted by cold water, by Mr. Thomas Button, Launceston. Mr. Button considers that this solution is in a great measure free from colouring matter, and also from those principles which give a dark uneven character to leather, rendering it brittle, and depreciating it in the English market. Mimosa bark (*Acacia Mollissima*) ground, by Mr. Thomas Button, Launceston. Bark of the black wattle; this species of acacia is said to yield the best bark for tanning purposes.

Box of tobacco, in leaf, and box of cayenne pepper, by Sir W. Denison, from Norfolk Island. The box of cayenne pepper contains 190 lbs.; a sample of the finest quality and highest colour.

Tasmanian sassafras (bark of *Atherosperma Moschata*), by Mr. J. Milligan, from Oyster Cove. Small box of dried bark, used here medicinally, as a bitter and stomachic.

Gum and gum resin of the grass tree (*Xanthorrhoea Australis*), by Mr. J. Milligan, from Flinder's Island. This gum resin, or balsam, is highly inflammable, yielding on combustion a clear white flame and rich fragrant odour, said to be used in churches in place of frankincense; dyes calico a nankin colour; enters into the composition of some sealing wax, and may be made the basis of a varnish; very abundant on many of the meagre soils of clay and sand in this and the neighbouring islands and continent.

Jams—Raspberry, currant, green and red gooseberry, and guince, by Lieutenant Smith, R. N.

Gum of *Acacia Mucronata*, by Mr. J. Milligan, from a shrubby tree on Flinder's Island, Bass's Straits.

Blood juice, by Sir W. Denison, from Norfolk Island, makes an indelible marking ink, and used as a dye for calico.

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Gum kino, equal as a medicinal agent to the kino from the East Indies; manne, an exudation from the leaves and delicate succulent twigs of the white gum tree; resin of Oyster Bay pine, delicately white.

Flax; blue gum, equal to oak as a ship-building timber; stringy bark, forms, for the most part, a very large tree; black-wood or lightwood, a very hard, close-grained, dark, and richly-veined cabinet wood; sassafras, a soft, even, and close-grained timber, well adapted for turnery; myrtle, a hard and very close-grained wood; musk wood, valuable for the purposes of the cabinet maker; cedar or pencil pine of Tasmania; celery-topped pine, timber beautifully white; rosewood or zebrawood; he-oak; iron-wood; maple; timber of silver wattle; Huon pine, muskwood, and myrtle-wood picture frames; veneer of he-oak, the beef-wood of Van Diemen's Land; native cherry tree, a small graceful tree, with lively green foliage; honeysuckle tree, a low and often umbrageous, but stiff-looking tree, yielding a fancy wood for the cabinet maker; *Richea Pandanifolia*; pinkwood, attains an elevation of from 100 to 150 feet, with a good clear barrel; maple of Norfolk Island; blue gum tree; section of Norfolk Island pine; white-oak timber of Norfolk Island.

Cheese, preserved meats, honey, and one ham.

Neatsfoot, sheep's trotter, mutton-bird or sooty petrel, and shark's oil; bees-wax of Tasmania.

Glue; swan's down; tallow; feathers of mutton bird, much used for pillows, bolsters, and mattresses; wool, the produce of sheep imported from England in 1837: *Thylacinus cyanocephalus*, the hyena or tiger of the colonists; *Ornithorynchus paradoxus*, the platypus of colonists; gold-beater's skin; jaw of a sperm whale, with 48 teeth complete; parchment: ivory, eight teeth of sperm whale; whalebone; curled horse-hair; whale oil.

Gold leaf; crockeryware; dripstone; marble.

Candlestick of ironwood; snuff-box turned of iron-wood; cribbage-board, veneered on pine, inlaid with musk-wood, black-wood, oak, and pine; baskets, and model of water pitcher, made by aborigines.

Models of canoes of aborigines: hall chair, of black-wood; small round table of Huon pine, with chess-board in centre; pier table, of black-wood; carriage wheels; table of musk-wood; sideboard of blackwood; case containing top of star loo-table of Huon pine and blackwood; ladies' work table of musk-wood; a gun-stock of black-wood; Huon pine table top; dog wood table top; top of sofa table, inlaid with chess-board in the middle; line or small rope: best small rope; cable-laid lines; carpenter's bench screw; organ pipe of Huon pine, bored in the solid, with stops, &c.; muskwood writing desk, inlaid with pine, black-wood, she-oak, and myrtle; dressing-case, or work-box, of similar materials; small round table, Huon pine inlaid; thread-lace.

Model of a bridge across the Derwent at Bridgewater, constructed of Huon pine; coloured sectional elevation of the bridge and causeway at Bridgewater.

Case of leather, containing different descriptions; mould candles; worsted work; roll of tweed; knitted woollen gloves; knitted shawls; portmanteau; gloves made of opossum fur; carriage rug; dressed kangaroo skins; blacking for shoes, equal to Warren's; book, printed and published in Van Diemen's Land; necklaces of shells, as worn by the aborigines; "Tasmanian Journal," 3 vols. printed and published in Van Diemen's Land, gilt and lettered with gold leaf made in Hobart Town from Californian gold.

[E.]

## ANNUAL RETURN

*Of Sick and Wounded in H. M. General Hospital, Hobart  
Town, from 1st January to 31st December, 1853.*

DISEASES.	Remained last.	Admitted during the period.	Total treated.	Discharged during the period.	Died ditto.	Remaining.
Febris Cont. Communis .....	4	55	59	157	..	2
„ Typhus .....	..	3	3	1	1	1
Scarlatina .....	..	13	13	11	1	1
Asthma .....	1	7	8	4	3	1
Catarrhus, Ac. ....	11	117	128	121	5	2
„ Chron. ....	5	24	29	26	1	2
Bronchitis .....	7	27	34	26	7	1
Pneumonia. ....	7	34	41	24	15	2
Pleuritis .....	1	15	16	11	3	2
Hæmoptysis .....	..	2	2	2	..	..
Phthisis Pulmon. ....	2	39	41	7	32	2
Hepatitis .....	1	15	16	13	2	1
Icterus. ....	..	3	3	..	1	2
Obstipatio .....	..	15	15	15	..	..
Constipatio .....	..	2	2	2	..	..
Diarrhœa .....	2	44	46	38	7	1
Dysentery .....	2	18	20	9	9	2
Dyspepsia .....	4	38	42	41	1	..
Colica .....	..	19	19	18	..	1
Cholera .....	..	2	2	2	..	..
Hæmatemesis .....	..	3	3	2	1	..
Cephalalgia .....	2	9	11	11	..	..
Apoplexia .....	..	8	8	4	4	..
Paralysis .....	2	35	37	21	12	4
Amentia .....	1	15	16	16	..	..
Mania .....	1	19	20	18	2	..
Epilepsia .....	3	13	16	14	1	1
Trismus .....	..	1	1	..	1	..
Delirium Tremens .....	..	21	21	12	6	3
Hemiplegia .....	..	2	2	2	..	..
Concussio Cerebri. ....	..	2	2	2	..	..
Tetanus .....	..	1	1	..	1	..
Anasarea .....	..	4	4	3	1	..
Ascites .....	1	7	8	2	5	1
Podagra .....	..	1	1	..	..	1
Rheumatismus .....	16	101	117	108	2	7
Lumbago .....	..	4	4	4	..	..

DISEASES.	Remained last.	Admitted during the period.	Total treated.	Discharged during the period.	Died ditto.	Remaining.
Arthritis .. .. .	1	1	2	2	..	..
Sciatica .. .. .	1	1	2	2	..	..
Syphilis .. .. .	8	46	54	50	..	4
Bubo .. .. .	..	5	5	5	..	..
Condylomata .. .. .	..	1	1	1	..	..
Gonorrhœa .. .. .	1	9	10	9	..	1
Hernia Humoralis .. .. .	1	10	11	11	..	..
Stricture Urethræ .. .. .	4	5	6	6	..	..
Paraphymosis .. .. .	..	1	1	1	..	..
Phlegmon et Abscessus .. .. .	9	85	94	88	1	5
Ulcus .. .. .	9	82	91	75	2	14
Paronychia .. .. .	..	4	4	3	..	1
Fractura .. .. .	5	31	36	32	2	2
Vulnus Incis. .. .. .	1	20	21	17	3	1
„ Contus. .. .. .	3	7	10	8	..	2
„ Scloplit. (gun shot) .. .. .	3	8	11	9	1	1
Contusio .. .. .	4	38	42	38	1	3
Subluxatio .. .. .	5	13	18	18	..	..
Luxatio .. .. .	2	7	9	9	..	..
Ambustio .. .. .	1	22	23	17	5	1
Cynanche Tonsillaris .. .. .	2	14	16	16	..	..
„ Trachealis .. .. .	..	2	2	2	..	..
Fistula in Perine .. .. .	2	..	2	2	..	..
Erysipilas .. .. .	..	8	8	7	1	..
Hæmorhois .. .. .	..	3	3	3	..	..
Scrophula .. .. .	1	8	9	7	1	1
Morbus Coxarius .. .. .	2	5	7	5	2	..
„ Cordis .. .. .	1	18	19	13	4	2
„ Spinalis .. .. .	..	2	2	1	1	..
Scorbutus .. .. .	..	4	4	3	1	..
Tumor .. .. .	1	3	4	2	..	2
Amputatio .. .. .	..	5	5	4	1	..
Caries .. .. .	..	3	3	3	..	..
Periostitis .. .. .	..	1	1	1	..	..
Synovitis .. .. .	..	1	1	1	..	..
Anthrax .. .. .	..	1	1	..	1	..
Odontalgia .. .. .	..	3	3	3	..	..
Pleurodynia .. .. .	..	3	3	3	..	..
Pericarditis .. .. .	1	1	2	1	1	..
Hydrarthrus .. .. .	..	1	1	1	..	..
Hydrocele .. .. .	..	3	3	3	..	..
Hernia Inguin .. .. .	1	1	2	2	..	..
Nephritis .. .. .	..	1	1	..	1	..

DISEASES.	Remained last.	Admitted during the period.	Total treated.	Discharged during the period.	Died ditto.	Remaining.
Nicrosis .. .. .	2	2	2	..	..	..
Dysuria .. .. .	5	5	5	..	..	..
Debilitas .. .. .	20	20	18	2	..	..
Epistaxis .. .. .	3	3	3	..	..	..
Aneurisma .. .. .	1	1	..	1	..	..
Puncturæ .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Œdema .. .. .	2	2	2	..	..	..
Venucæ .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Sphacelus .. .. .	3	3	..	1	2	..
Observatio .. .. .	3	11	14	14	..	..
Morbi Cutis .. .. .	11	11	11	..	..	..
Morbi Oculorum .. .. .	32	182	214	201	..	13
Peritonitis .. .. .	1	1	..	1	..	..
Ebrietas .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Hysteria .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Amenorrhœa .. .. .	1	1	2	2	..	..
Leucorrhœa .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Menorrhagia .. .. .	1	3	4	4	..	..
Eneuresis .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Abortio .. .. .	2	2	2	..	..	..
Partus .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Morbus Uteri .. .. .	1	1	..	1	..	..
Carcinoma (Cancer) .. .. .	2	3	5	2	3	..
Urticaria .. .. .	1	1	1	..	..	..
Neuralgia .. .. .	2	2	2	..	..	..
Total .. .. .	181	1483	1664	1407	162	95

[F.]

## MILITARY SETTLERS.

Agreeably to a notice in our paper, a meeting of gentlemen was held last night, at Webb's, Murray-street, to take into consideration the necessity of entering into some scheme so as to induce the large number of soldiers of the 99th regiment that may be likely to obtain their discharge, pre-



vicious to the return of that regiment to England, to remain in this colony.

Thomas D. Chapman, Esq., Member for the city, being unanimously called to the chair, requested Captain Stoney, the acting Secretary to the meeting, to state what the plan was he had in view relative to the formation of the town of Wivenhoe.

Captain Stoney stated that being aware of the likelihood of the speedy return to England of the regiment, and knowing the custom of the service in such cases to grant discharges to a large portion of the men, he had formed the plan of creating from them a community likely to form a highly respectable town in the colony. For this purpose he had made several trips through the country, seeking an eligible situation; and finally having, during the last month, explored the northern coast, he had carefully inspected the Government reserve township of Wivenhoe, on the Emu, as affording peculiar advantages not met with elsewhere—such as the fertility of the soil, well watered and richly wooded with the most valuable timber—the salubrity of its climate and its location, so favourable for a produce market, both in reference to Launceston and Port Phillip. He had, on his return a few days back, waited on the Governor, and stated to him his intentions. His Excellency having kindly entered into his scheme, had directed him to lay before him in Council such propositions as he deemed requisite for the formation of the town; but as no answer has yet been received relative to them, he would merely explain their purport, as being requests to secure a charter, small building allotments, and other privileges to the settlers. His object being to settle there himself, he would thus be enabled—from the tract of land he had applied for, and twenty suburban allotments, for which he had sent in application for purchase—to afford occupation and labour to the great mass of the settlers. That he had written to the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Birnie, situated also in Emu Bay, to guarantee accommodation for at least one month after their arrival, and every other assistance in their power; but that, as such an undertaking was one of great difficulty, and likely to involve a considerable outlay, he had thrown himself upon the generosity of the public at large for their co-operation and assistance;—that looking upon these men as a band of emigrants already on their shores, they would

not allow them to leave for the neighbouring colony, which they were certain to a man to do unless some inducement was held out to retain them.

The Lord Bishop of Tasmania stated that he looked upon the matter with the greatest possible interest—that though eleven years' experience in the colony had shown to him that the disbanded soldier was not the best labourer, still it was hardly fair to look upon these men in the same light as the veteran pensioner; it was worthy, therefore, of much consideration, and a matter of much importance, to the colony to locate those men. He looked upon it as two hundred families being about to be located under the supervision of one of their own officers in a situation which, from having visited, he could say, stood unrivalled in point of locality: fertility of soil, well wooded and watered, and without exception the most beautiful climate in the world, were advantages not to be overlooked. But still, without wishing to check or discourage the undertaking, he could not refrain from stating that he saw very many difficulties on the first outset,—such as the requisites for locating, the expenditure for provisions, comforts, &c., &c., and the small lot of ground,—which seemed to him entirely inadequate as sufficient inducement to a settler. However, he was willing to grapple with those difficulties, and for himself individually would support the measure to the utmost of his interest and ability; that, however, he would propose that, previous to holding out inducements to those settlers, a written guarantee should be given by the neighbouring gentlemen for a certain and remunerative employment for these men. Nor would he leave anything undone, or that in after time any of the settlers could reproach him for holding out inducements which they were not able to perform. He would also remark that there were other advantages in the locality chosen by Captain Stoney, a flourishing town of three hundred inhabitants being in its immediate neighbourhood, with a resident Doctor, a Clergyman of much zeal and ability, and a school established, of which latter he would guarantee his services for the new colony.

The Vicar-General stated that he was ready to co-operate with and coincide in the views of His Lordship, and was prepared to find a pastor for his flock on the formation of the colony.

The Chairman, in addressing the meeting, stated that he

concurred fully with His Lordship, and that he also did not consider that the inducements held out by Captain Stoney were sufficient to induce the men to become settlers; that, however, he considered it the duty of the community at large, and of the Government in particular, to hold out more inducements than those proposed.

It was then proposed by the Lord Bishop of Tasmania, and seconded by the Vicar-General, that this meeting, feeling the necessity of making some exertion to retain in the colony the soldiers of the 99th Regiment, now about to obtain their discharge, do request the Government to deal with them in every respect as with the pensioners sent from England.

Secondly,—It was proposed by J. D. Kilburn, Esq., and seconded by Charles Akers, Esq.,

That this meeting do now adjourn, to be convened again at an early day by Captain Stoney, after an answer has been received from the Colonial Secretary.





